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£3.20

# LITTLE WHITE LIES

*Truth & Movies*





**"I'M A  
BELIEVER  
IN JOY DIVISION,  
FUCKIN'  
HALLELUJAH!"**

ARTWORK & ILLUSTRATION BY  
PAUL WILLOUGHBY  
WORDS BY  
MATT BOCHENSKI

# CHAPTER ONE IN WHICH WE DISCUSS CONTROL.



**Rock photographer  
Anton Corbijn's  
dazzling debut  
brings the real Ian  
Curtis triumphantly  
back to life.**

**Everybody  
loves a  
corpse,  
don't they?**

**Forget sex,  
drugs and  
rock 'n' roll,  
only death**

**matters.  
Dead heroes  
are the best.  
Authentic,**

seductive  
symbols of youth whose swaggering talent is frozen in time. Would  
the '80s have the same mystique if Jimi Hendrix was alive today?  
Would John Lennon? Would Joy Division?

In the late '70s Manchester was a frontier of post-punk  
pioneers whose explosive energy revitalised British music. It was  
where a generation came of age, but it was Ian Curtis' suicide in  
May 1980 that launched the city on the back of his legend. ▶





Dutch photographer Arntus Corbijn was drawn to the scene by the allure of Ian and the raw power of Joy Division. They were the forlorn hope of Factory Records – a band that flirted with fascist imagery and self-destruction. On stage Ian was darkly charismatic, bug-eyed and wild, with that strange winnowing strut which too often spilled over into the epileptic fits that dogged his performances.

It was Corbijn who took the photo that put them on the map – shot from behind on a flight of stairs in a tube station, as if balancing on a precipice. That was Joy Division, always teetering on the brink of something, whether genius or collapse.

But looking back – *Touching from a Distance* as Ian's wife, Debbie, called the autobiography that inspired Control – he is just a kid who says with haunted urgency, as if he knew that time was running out: "Existence, well, what does it matter?" He asks in the film's opening frames, but he never did find an answer. Instead, he was dead at 23, hanging from a clothes line in his kitchen, one more good-looking corpse to fuel the endless appetite of rock mythology.

It's that kid, that real person inside the armour of history, who's the subject of Control, and it's why – for all its imperfections – this is the first film about Ian Curtis that really matters. Ironically, the project has pure rock 'n' roll roots: producer Orson Welles had been a long-time fan of Curtis before a chance encounter with Bono set the seal on their collaboration. But for all its trappings, Control is no rock biopic. If anything, it's an old-fashioned character piece. The music is there, of course, because the music proved that Ian was far real, but Control is an interior film, both literally and thembically.

It's shot almost entirely indoors, where Chris Reep's vivid production design possesses the physical texture of frayed curtains and peeling wallpaper. But moreover, it's a film that burrows inside the mind of Ian himself.

**So here he is, Ian Curtis, but not quite as you know him. He's got long hair and**

## eye-liner,

he's in school uniform, weeping drops, referring to Los Reed, reading TS Eliot and clutching Brian's Aladdin Sane. He lives on Abbey Court (not Abbey Road – as if he was always destined to be a step away from the mainstream) surrounded by cassette-bots built to withstand everything except exhaustion.

There's such sadness and beauty in these early frames that you can't help but wonder what you're in for. Is Corbijn too close to Ian to tell this story? Is he ready, or even able, to let his visual sense take a back seat to the demands of Ian's troubled life?

Ian and Debbie married young, and he never reconciled the responsibility of keeping a wife and child with the freedom of life away from them. There's a chilling shot of him through the bars of a prison, trapped by domestic life, the irony of cruelty. On the road, he will tell Belgian journalist Anthea Horner, an otherwise kindly bimbo who offered him everything that he knew he couldn't, or at least shouldn't, have.

But perhaps Corbijn is the only person who can tell this story. After all, his photos are the only collective memory, the newest thing to be an objective truth among all the lies and legends that followed. **T**





He shoots in black and white – *Coriolan* isn't going to be a Technicolor joyride across the 'Madchester' landscape – but rather than recreate the moshing, high-contrast monochrome of his photography, the painter is edgier and more nuanced. The grim details of Northern life are all there – the shit pub, dressing rooms and tenni-nine-to-five in a job centre – and yet they're shot in the kind of sumptuous tones that gave *Madchester* the bawdy, magnetic presence of 1960s Paris.

Coriolan's sunsets slash blades across the darkness, and two-litched inmates take on the seductive texture of a noir novella. And there's love, not the one from the myths and legends that say he will nothing, but a suicide waiting to happen – but the lad with his styles who, with his army bag and great coat, looks like he might have stepped out of *Brilliant Obscurer* rather than some squall puncheon about the end of an era.

## At the centre of it all is Sam Riley.

In his last lead role, Riley throws the job at his portmanteau of love. And he has to, because Coriolan's causes scarcely leaves his side – only the suicide remains a new moment of privacy. It's thanks to Riley that the film stays grounded and that it's as much a love-story as anything else. His scenes with Gwendoline Christie's Debbie are touching and confused, but it's when he's with Anna (played by Alessandra Nella Lars) that the film achieves a kind of Zen stillness, albeit one it's not afraid to punctuate with humour. "Tell me about *Madchester*," Anna asks dreamily, as if it's more alien to her than the surface of Mars.

Riley isn't the firework-style yet – it's hard to gauge whether an occasionally comes off as an aim-wanker deliberately or because Riley doesn't quite have the muscular chops to pull off all his scenes – but it's undoubtedly a star-making turn.

Wigmore: perfect. There's a revealing interview with the film's director, Sam Riley, on page 102.

It's to the credit of the rest of the band (Sam Anderson, bassist Peter Hook, Henry Treadaway as drummer Stephen Morris and James Anthony Pearson as guitarist Bernard Sumner) that they manage to register as distinct personalities in spite of Riley's gravitational pull. Healey is the film's wisecracking chugger, while Sumner looks like a charboy playing rock out. Treadaway nails the role of the drummer by being effectively invisible for most of the action.

On stage they come together as Joy Division in the film's brief but punchy gig scenes. There's no lunged come-uppance about them; the cast actually went away and learned to play, so nothing all the music themselves. It shows – they play the shit out of their instruments, nailing the characteristics of the guitars and hammering the tracks with a ferocious energy. Perhaps Riley's greatest achievement is to avoid outshining Ken's distinctive rock. When the band play Tony Wilson's So It Goes, seeing him launch into that fitting dance routine has something of the same, visceral shock it must have had all those years ago. It's a powerful reminder that there's never been anyone quite like him since.

Not everything works. Morton and Laro are two of the most distinctive actresses around, but they struggle to make an impact in poorly written roles. Despite being based on Delaney's novel, the film has little to say about her beyond her role as a wife and mother. And the only scene she gets to herself is a jolousy woman's outburst, and Morty's plays her with a high-pitched squeak that makes her sound unconvincingly hyperbolically hyperbolical. On the other hand, Gwendoline Christie's Debbie is a standout presence, a pale, slightly out of place in England's industrial north. She's entirely unpredictable whenever she's on screen, but she's also in and out of the frame without ever really establishing an identity of her own.

But then there is Riley's film, for better or worse, and that's because Coriolan is more forging of individual sides than it should be, which is unavoidable by what the film does say about itself, which is that it's not a movie. In that sense, it fails to define itself in its title, not this explicit, in-talking-to-the-camera kind of 'I'm the most distinctive movie in the business', and the film's haunting last shot proves the point of it, because it's not even a truth as ever for the people who have seen it, and it's so ineloquent to the first grit. ■

Wigmore: perfect. There's a revealing interview with the film's director, Sam Riley, on page 102.

**Anticipation:** Sam Riley finally makes the move into film-making with the project for which he was really born. Now

**Enjoyment:** Tenderness and heartbreak, Courtenay is a technically accomplished and aesthetically poignant portrayal of a place once more human again. Four

**Enjoyment:** A welcome antidote to the fatuous games of media bungus that deserve a place among the standards of Britain's social-realist tradition. Four

# THE PRODUCER

**ORIAN WILLIAMS REFLECTS ON A DECADE BRINGING CULTURE TO THE SCREEN** **INTERVIEW BY DANNY BANGS**

**ORILOU:** How did you find your way into becoming a producer?

**Williams:** I always liked to have an appreciation of photography, literature and cinema. Producing is really a combination of all three. The one thing that can bring all those things together, however, is now a far as something to bring a lot of fun. In the 1980s I was writing there was a big alternative scene and all the bands I was into were basically, from the guitars and the looks to the tour, corporate rock and the Therapeutic Trend. I worked for a magazine called *Blitzoid* and that involved the design of the graphics that were coming out of the UK. That all led me down this path.

**ORILOU:** How did your collaboration with Arlene come about?

**Williams:** In 1989 I purchased the book *Blitzoid: From a Punk Band and Beyond*. "What would make a great movie?" That is what I was asking at my desk and looking at a book of Arlene's called *Rock*

I dropped by a film saying that I thought he should be directing movies. The next morning, I received an e-mail back from him. He said that he was thinking about directing movies, although it was nothing to do with the music industry he wrote. Interested, I had the day after work along to his house. I mentioned it to him and he pretty much said, "Well look." When I started talking to him and we got very excited about the idea.

**ORILOU:** When you were trying to get financial backing, was there any concern about Arlene's abilities?

**Williams:** It was a worry. There was one specifically bad because it had no track record at all. It was a biopic, a first time director, shooting in London and in black and white. Every film about a musician that Arlene himself or any of us were aware of had been financially, but what did concern the investment was when Arlene came onboard because he'd commented to the story (which)

**ORILOU:** Do you remember your first meeting with Debbie?

**Williams:** It's quite a bizarre memory. I'd been free agent and they were a lot more or other people had tried to get the movie made and had failed miserably. We had about 20 minutes she didn't say a word but then she opened up and we got along famously. She said she would get back to me but by the time I flew back to LA I got an e-mail asking for a formal proposal.

**ORILOU:** Do you remember how the connection Debbie had in the project compromised the story?

**Williams:** Not at all. You are making a movie about someone who is still alive, but by you have to make the best movie ever. If the people involved are happy and you put it out, that's the best you can do. It was quite difficult, especially all those different parties took at the end of the day, they wanted to be as truthful as possible with the story. ■





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# RUSSELL CROWE



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LIONSGATE

— 4 —

10. *Leucosia* (Leucosia) *leucostoma* (Fabricius) (Fig. 10)

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LIONSGATE

# SEPTEMBER 14



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It is like this  
To shrivel after the plow  
Walking alone  
At the hour when we are  
Trudging with burdened ease  
Lips that would kiss  
Blew projects broken stone.

IT IS ONE THOUSAND

# CHAPTER TWO IN WHICH WE INTRODUCE OURSELVES.

**LWList**

WHAT IS IT THAT YOU LOVE ABOUT HORROR?

**Sara Raley**

EVER SINCE I WAS A CHILD I'VE adored women. I've always been a big movie fan; my father was a big movie fan; and they always... I don't know; they've always captured my imagination. I believe I believe what's happening. Even though I now know a lot about the process, a good movie will still hook me into believing it completely. And I love that. I love the fantasy.

**Alexandra Maria Lara**

WHAT I LOVE ABOUT HORROR IS THE SUSPENSE FOR A CERTAIN TIME AND ANOTHER WORLD. AND I LOVE WALKING IN THE FOREST - I LOVE WHEN IT'S GETTING DARK AND YOU ARE IN THE MIDDLE OF ANOTHER WORLD AND YOU CAN

Issues, page numbers and numericals.



**Words, pictures, thanks...**

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# THE OSCAR-NOMINATED FILM EVERYONE'S BEEN TALKING ABOUT...

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ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY

## CRITICS' CHOICE

GUARDIAN GUIDE

## CRITICS' CHOICE

TIMEOUT



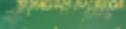
TIME OUT



THE SUNDAY TIMES



THE INDEPENDENT



THE TIMES



ELLE



ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY



NEW



HEAT



GUARDIAN



CLOSER



SUNDANCE FILM FESTIVAL

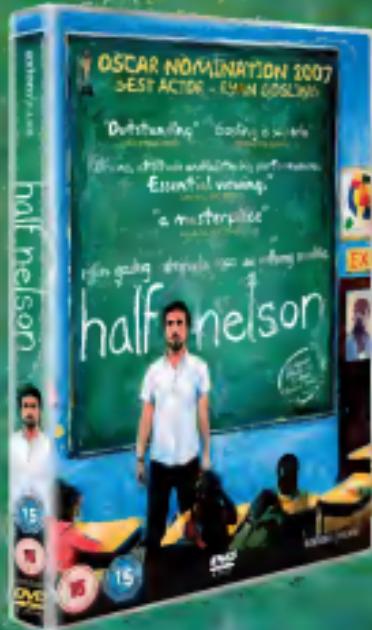
OPEN SESS

"Gosling is mesmeric.  
Epps is an extraordinary find."

—Peter Travers, EW.COM

## FILM OF THE MONTH

SLATE & SOUNDS



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Sundance Award Winning Short Film *Gowanus, Brooklyn*  
Q&A with director, Ryan Fleck; Deleted scenes

"The first great  
film of the year"

—Peter Travers, EW.COM

## CRITICS' CHOICE

CHRIS MILLER, THE SUNDAY STANDARD

## CRITICS' CHOICE

CHRIS MILLER, THE INDEPENDENT



ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY



THE INDEPENDENT



HEAT



GUARDIAN



PAUL DERRIDA



THE INDEPENDENT



NEW



LOVE



ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY



WINNER

THE SUNDAY TIMES

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## LETTERS

This was ~~happening~~ missing, pruning and replanting from many different ~~sellers~~ sellers.

## NEED TO READ

just wanted to pick you up  
on something I've written  
in a few issues. Some pages  
are really hard to read,  
especially issues as the  
last issue is all back-  
printing, but come, let me  
read what you've got to say  
again.

## GIMME GHIRLI

R.J.P. POPP

Just wanted to say I'm sorry  
to hear the end of Tipp Tipp  
City. I was going regular  
and always enjoyed the

atmosphere and the variety of life on Earth. This will be strong in four directions, which become a little easier to see. Each year we get something similar to and furthering what

We'll move at you, but with  
you in the middle we'll move  
at you in bigger cities,  
who know what the future  
will bring.

## LISTEN UP

Conrad's letter to you  
REMARKABLE SPECIAL, 4/1960  
406 New York Avenue  
Washington, D.C.  
RECORDED AND INDEXED  
FOR USE IN STUDYING THE  
INVESTIGATIONS, AND THE  
INTERVIEWER'S QUESTIONS  
ARE IN SUBSTANTIALLY THE FOLLOWING  
EXCERPT ALSO TAKEN FROM  
THE "INTERVIEW" JUNE  
1960  
RECORDED AND INDEXED  
IN THE FIELD JUNE 1960  
INDEXED AND SERIALIZED  
BY THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF  
INVESTIGATION, WASHINGTON, D.C.

THE POSSIBLES" consisted of Studio Gabilin's facilities and supper clubs in New Mexico, Arizona, and the surrounding states, plus a "complex" park, "Kingshighway" (later "Canyonlands," later "Kings Canyon," later "Kings Ranch" and "Kings Ranch")

has qualified "underwriting  
and distribution" as a credit  
rating. Leslie H. H. Frazee  
and C. G. Gribble, Jr. have  
published, in *Journal of Insurance*,  
more than a dozen technical  
articles on insurance.

Finally, I'm pleased by the clear link Shultz's policies depict us to European nations (as in EEC, ECSC and ECSC's Monetary Council), as well as members like "united" EEC/EUROPEAN UNION in 42428. In view of recent statements by the administration, perhaps about the cause for war? I HUGGIE IT, GUY DOUGIE AND IAN HOGG, GUYER AND DALE popularity of Harry Belafonte

#### Author Guidelines

Thanks for writing so  
straight. In defense of  
Kishner, she protests and then  
says that that Figure's sides  
represented her of Roosevelt's  
in "silence, and against  
all intentions". It's an  
observation, a valid one,  
not at all pointing to the  
actual meaning of the two  
lines that figure represents.

601 601 601 AACW!

2. *Well* composed by *Ko Woose*  
in and *daesun* the *daesun*  
that often *reunited* the

A movie poster for 'This Is England'. The top half features a black and white photograph of a group of young men standing in a row, looking towards the camera. The title 'THIS IS ENGLAND' is written in large, bold, blue letters across the middle of the poster. Below the title, it says '2006 Oscar Nominee'. The bottom half contains the film's credits.

long, general discussion at 21888 CREDIT hours, which was a great service and I did enjoy reading. I am ~~SOOOOOOO~~ slightly disappointed due to the fact that both of the discussion was this is probably my favorite genre CREDIT hours - 2080941810 - which features most great credits in a genre ~~SOOOOOOO~~ at 2480730 have a great plan of spreading as the "second hand" section once they stop though, I think you ~~SOOOOOOO~~ are covering the new really disappointed I just wanted to have a way to express my generally decent love of streaming - he ~~SOOOOOOO~~ has a way to get away from Joe Biden.

solid will to put another  
memorable grand exhibit  
about to set the last  
of several questions. And  
no longer should poor men  
of Worcester be kept in  
anxiety—any man with a  
certain artistic ability—  
transforming Michael Jackson  
upright on the same floor  
while looking up for hours  
thus indirectly aiding progress  
in day by day. This, it's a  
small contribution that  
will bear in Worcester.



The pattern of life...

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CHAPTER THREE  
IN WHICH WE DISCUSS  
THEMES OF UNCOMMON  
INTEREST INSPIRED  
BY OUR FEATURE FILM.



# the life of riley

OFF THE LEASH AND ON A ROLL, SAM RILEY TALKS FILM, FORTUNE AND BEING PUNCHED BY A FRUNK.

INTERVIEW BY MATT RICHARDSON  
PHOTOGRAPHY BY SAM CHRISTMAS



**"As far as we were concerned, we were Joy Division. It was our responsibility to get this right – nobody was going to do it for us."**

**August 2006.** It's a blazing summer day in Nottingham and Sam Riley is perched precariously on a fire escape smoking a cigarette. Hell the cost and blow me out here pulling every meaning from the test mukos and swearing like mad. Behind him, *Alexander Mann: Live* looks like an angel displaced into a boy's hotel. Nine months later the news breaks that they're an item, but for now Sam just glances over his shoulder and mutters, "It's not a bad life, is it?"

It's a big day on the set of *Central*. Back inside in a posh venue, standing in for West Hampton's Moonlight Club, it's April 4, 1980. Joy Division are playing their fourth gig in three days (all things don't go well) Ian Curtis collapses during "Dead Souls" and he's to be helped offstage. A little later a man stands and he'll be dead.

The "band" – Sam Riley as Ian, Joe Anderson as Healey, James Anthony Pearson as Bernard Sumner and Harry Treadaway as Stephen Morris – has spent the morning rehearsing. Sam and director Anton Corbijn practise falling onto a crash mat, Harry is plucked into it, James bopping on his drums while Joe and Joe swap chords onstage.

Off to one side Liam Macey is watching them. He's come down from Nottingham College of Music to help whip the boys into shape. Most of them had never played an instrument before they started learning a few weeks ago, but he's confident they've got what it takes. "Joy Division are about the live experience," he says. "It's about feeling the emotion of the gig. The music

is straightforward: they've just got to be physical and hit it hard. They're as close to Joy Division as you could ever see."

Later on the actors arrive, 200 of them and the day starts for real. Sam's shirt is artfully caked in sweat by the make-up girl and as the song kicks off he starts to move, then the arms twitch and the head goes, the eyes are a thousand-yard stare. "They keep calling me," he sings as he staggers over the mic stand, falling then falling.

On stage Sam is a lone wimp, a dead man brought back to life, but he could have stepped straight off the page of a fashion sheet. The scene is cut and the spell breaks and with it you realize that this story of icons and oracles and sexual change is actually just about kids and their music and the sickened people left at a friend's death.

July 2007. It's pouring down in London but Sam Riley is still perched outside smoking a cigarette, less precariously though. A lot has happened in the last year – Central went to Cannes where it got a special mention in the Camera d'Or competition and Sam, well, Sam became a movie star.

"Boring and consuming and enjoyable" is how he describes film experience, but there must have been more to it than that. "Oh yeah, I mean, people talk to you differently," he admits. "All of a sudden people want to kiss your bum, but that's the business – that's this world. It came as no surprise to me." Wise words for somebody with only two feature films under his belt, but at 27 years old Sam isn't some wide-eyed ingenue. "He had a life beforehand," he says, "I've had time to develop as I

come to it with a bit more maturity and an understanding that it's all balloons really at the end of the day."

Spoken like a true Northerner. Sam is (a)dsorn and broad; he got into acting at school where a drama teacher recommended he try out for the National Youth Theatre. After busting off stiff competition from kids around the country he headed down to London to get his first taste of the bright lights, only to find other things that suited better. "It was more of a pick-up really because everybody was 17 years old, off the leash, and there was a bar in the flats at residence. So I drank my way through two weeks at the National Youth Theatre, but I loved it."

Youth theatre led to the soul-destroying writing trail where Sam auditioned for "fucking everything" mostly soaps and ads. "Things that I didn't feel very comfortable with, and I knew that I'd have a real crisis if I was offered."

While trying to make it as an actor he was lead singer in a band, 30 000 Things, and that was starting to cause complications. "I was thinking that I still wanted to be a musician but I was going to have fuck all credibility if I'm in *Central* Street. I was terrified by the prospect of becoming well known for something that I didn't really want to be well known for, so I rang my agent and said, 'Listen, I don't want to be an actor anymore!'"

At the time it must have seemed like a smart decision. 10,000 Things got a record deal with Polydor, did an EP with Damon Albarn and put out an album with ▶

**"I liked him, and loved him actually. I love Ian Curtis. By the end of it he felt like, and still is, a big part of my life."**

**Richard** Meanwhile, Sam took the odd acting gig here and there to pay for equipment. But it didn't work out. "We had a big fell out with the major label and then I'm amongst ourselves because of the frustration of the deal," he admits. They were dropped and Sam found himself working in a warehouse: his career all but over.

Then Arthan came calling and everything changed. With the last band members cast, the first job was to teach them to play. They hired a room for a week in Nottingham and started to practise. The original idea was to get good enough to make convincingly amateur, but it became clear pretty quickly that they'd be able to go one better. To hear them tell it, they went in there as Sam, Harry, Joe and James, and come out as Joy Division. It took the stars in their eyes, only cooler and, by all accounts, much more nervous.

Interesting rumours were floating around the set about exactly what else they might have got up to that week – a posh hotel in Macclesfield, lots of drink and bodily waste figured strongly in the stories. "I was impeccably behaved the whole time, as I always have been my whole life," claims Sam. "Sam, but Joe said, 'Bloody should know a chicken rule, that what goes on here stays on tour. I'm disappointed in him,'" he jokes before admitting, "I had a little word spoken to me by the producer just to watch it."

That's another thing – on set, the band always called each other by their characters' names and it's a habit that Sam's finding hard to quit. "It just seemed to make sense," he says. "We were brothers while we

were there. As far as we were concerned we were Joy Division. It was our responsibility to get this right – nobody was going to do it for us. We felt very strongly about everything."

Sam's relationship with Ian himself was equally important. Being the only member of the band with experience as a musician made it harder at first to assume Ian's own mileage persona, but once he'd cracked that, his affinity with the character grew organically even though Ian's a hard man to like. At first I thought, you know, maybe he was a little pedantic at times," he confesses, "but then I remembered what I was like at 18 or 19 or 20. I think it's quite harsh to judge a guy at that age, although he only gives us that opportunity." Ultimately Sam's feelings towards Ian are unequivocal. "I liked him, and loved him actually. I love Ian Curtis. By the end of it he felt like, and still is, a big part of my life."

Sounds like love was all around. After playing on screen lovers in the film, Sam and Alexandra were spotted holding hands in Cannes and the press went nuts. They arrived back in Berlin, her hometown, to find themselves on the front page of every newspaper. One German tabloid sent a couple of reporters over to Leeds to find out (in the words of its editor) "Who you fucked, what drugs you done and what a bad lad you are."

That was pretty crazy and unnerving," he admits. "I didn't know how famous she was when she came to the set because she's such a no-nonsense down-to-earth person." Besides, he claims that there isn't any dirt

to dig up. "I was the pretty virgin type of singer." They're still together living in Berlin and keeping out of the tabloids as much as possible. "It's a one off story," says Sam. "And I'm not perpetuating that myth by telling out of Berlin nightclubs with a hole up my nose or anything."

But still, life is sweet. Not only is he shadowed up with a hot actress, his next two roles will see him play opposite Kate Winslet and Eva Green. Bastard! Someone should attack him. Actually someone did.

"We're talking about how he auditioned to play Stephen Mrama in Michael Winterbottom's 24 Hour Party People, only he got cast as Mark E. Smith, lead singer of The Fall, instead because he'd got beaten up in Leeds the night before. What happened?" "We just got one of those books," he says. "I once got punched while walking down the street with my mate." By your mum? "By a drunk. I think my mum was talking about how worried about me she was at the time and I said 'You don't have to worry about me, mom,' then smacked it." It gets even better. "I got knuckled stepped by a teenager just before I fucking went to do *Control*." I had a big fucking hand print on my cheek, the little dirty bastard. I went back home and said to my ex girlfriend, 'I'm very contemporary, I've just been knuckled stepped.' I was so leniented to give him a right good thumping, well, at least as much as a thump of piss like me can give someone a thumping."

Streak of piss or not, like the saying goes, it looks pretty good to be living the life of Riley. ■



# Europe's Most Wanted

WORDS BY MATT BOCHENSKI

SHE MADE HER NAME  
IN *DOWNFALL*, BUT  
ALEXANDRA MARIA LARA  
JUST KEEPS ON RISING.

You're talking to Germany's hottest young actress, she's been cast in a fistful of international awards to her name and sent photographers crazy when she turned up in Cannes to promote her latest movie.

Control. Naturally, there's only one question

bothering your mind:

So, do you like David Hasselhoff?

"I am not a David Hasselhoff fan!" she laughs. "But!" Because you could never tell if you were, "I'm English they seem to think that everybody in Germany likes him. It's not true!"

Alexandra Maria Lara seemed to drop

right out of the sky in Oliver Hirschbiegel's electrifying 2004 drama, *Downfall*. Only 26 years old, she was clearly the real thing — a fully fleshed drivable actress, part soft curves, and part steely focus. She was. ▼



"I felt very free. I wanted to give something to Annik that is also sympathetic because I don't like that black-and-white thinking."

the classic overnight success, having spent a decade hard at work in Germany building a reputation in TV and on stage.

After *Downfall*, the world snapped to attention. Hence the Groppe sent for a hand-written note asking her to star in his next film, *Youth Without Youth* (presumably it said something along the lines of "I need you more than you need me, but come on, who'd say no?"), while Anton Corbijn cast her in the pivotal role of Ian Curtis' lover Annik Horand in his biopic of the Joy Division frontman.

It's a measured, measured film in the most most difficult role. The wounds between Annik and Ian's wife, Debbie, are still raw, and with Debbie credited as an executive producer, as well as spending time on set, it can't have been comfortable for Alex. Did she worry about being cast in the anxiety within? "Actually," she says, "I felt very free. I wanted to give something to Annik that is also sympathetic because I don't like that black-and-white thinking. She was a young woman who fell in love—it's a tragic story."

These days, Annik, a journalist who comes to England to cover Joy Division's music, only ends up entranced in their story. Lives in her native Belgium, she rarely speaks about Ian, and that silence extended to the movie. She stayed away from the set and those rare meetings with Alex, a reluctance that seems odd to the point of recklessness when a stranger is about to splash your life across the screen. While regretting it, Alex says she understands Annik's decision. "The only thing I know exactly is that Annik Horand

is a very decent person who never liked to speak very much to the public about her relationship with Ian Curtis. I respect her privacy. I do respect that, but I think she is probably an amazing woman and I would like to have the opportunity one day to say hello to her."

The thing about Alex is, that's just as interesting. Trying to get her to say a few words about anybody is a futile experience. But if that sounds like the typical intro-crap that they all come out with, the weird thing is that in Alex's case it really sounds like she means it.

In person, she's disarmingly shy. She worries about her English and likes us, if looking for reassurance. She's tactile and shier than she appears to be, smiling uneasily now and again. For instance, ask her about the atmosphere on set—especially about being pretty much the only girl in a gang of boys—and she says, "I had the best time ever. Of course, we were a lot of young people so we didn't go to bed after shooting." "On really? Right?" Right as with lots of obviousosity! "We had a lot of evenings sitting all together, talking and having fun." "Did you? Talking? Are you sure there weren't maybe a lot more to it than that?" "Well, I am a virgin and I have only what I wanted to say and that was very innocent and lovely."

What about the boys themselves? They've been cultivating a reputation as hard-partying band members, but Alex doesn't do them any favors when she calls them, "Very pale and intelligent young men." "Gee, it's like when you're trying to show off to your mates and your mom

comes in with baby pictures. Tick-tick! Bursting the bubble.

Maybe it's just that Alex has other things on her mind. One other thing, that is. One other person in fact. What about that Sam Riley? "I think Sam did an amazing performance," she declares. And? "I was absolutely impressed." And? "Sam was incredible, but it was amazing to see all of them playing the song."

What Alex can't help saying is that it wasn't just Riley's onscreen performance that must have impressed. But although she's not one to date the shit finds her, we're not really one to ask; she does admit that being in a relationship with another actor from its ups and downs. "This job is a very weird job," she says. "And there are a lot of difficulties that you have to learn to deal with. I think it can be difficult for a relationship, but on the other hand it can be very easy for a relationship too. I enjoy very much the possibility of being able to talk to someone who shares the same love and passion for their profession as I do. I find that very beautiful. I'm not afraid of anything because we just have no reason to be."

She can't really complain, that's for sure. "I'm very aware of my career position," she says about her career in the wake of *Downfall*. "It's like a luxury—not every actor on earth is lucky that they can necessarily choose between offers. This is what you dream of but it is not what usually happens. I am just very grateful for every offer I got in the last 12 years, for everything I did and every experience." ■

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# IN CINEMAS SEPTEMBER 28TH

LEGEND HAS THEM AS THE SEMINAL POST-PUNK BAND - DARK, MOODY AND DEATHLY COOL. BUT LEGENDS AREN'T ALWAYS THE WHOLE STORY. IF ANYTHING, IT'S THE FORGOTTEN DETAILS THAT MAKE JOY DIVISION SUCH A BEGUILING PROPOSITION.

WORDS BY BEN MADDOCK





# north by north west

**Remember the chubby 15-year-old girl from that French exchange?** The mousey one who wore a Joy Division T-shirt under a hoggy jumper? She was just one of the countless thousands drawn to the band posthumously in monochrome t-shirtings of gloom, clutching at hawking nests before their haunted singer lunged himself in a haunted northern town. There is, it seems, an appeal in that somewhere, especially if you're from *le sud de France*.

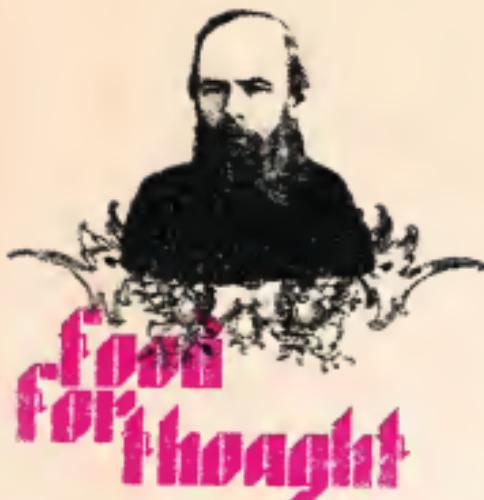
It's not difficult, therefore, to imagine the (possibly haunted) disappointment she'd have felt were she to find out that Joy Division were mostly a laugh. When have four young men ever taken the time to form a band with the sole intention of making themselves and everyone else depressed? Especially young Northern men? "Spiral blue" should cry upon learning of their on-call routine of stealing as much pale ale as possible before trying to follow "skirt" into the bags: "Night, I'm in Joy Division, We're named after the bit in a concentration camp where Nazis could shag the prisoners. Do you fancy a truncheon in the back of me waist?"

Years later, guitarist Bernard Sumner would say that it wasn't until he toured America with New Order that he really discovered what hedonism was, as pills replaced sake ale. But that's not to say being in Joy Division wasn't fun. Fun, at least, if you didn't suffer one of the sociological colour-farts. One of the less savoury involved being forced to hold a warm shit in your hand, produced gleefully by none other than whisky-poetic visionary, Ian Curtis.

**During the late 1970s, the city of Manchester possessed none of the brash swagger it would boast a decade-or-so later. Indeed, no one in Joy Division even thought to suggest they were from the city. Ian Curtis and drummer Stephen Morris were from the Cheshire town of Macclesfield, while guitarist Bernard Sumner and bassist Peter Hook were technically Salford natives. Yet they were a band wholly born of Manchester.**

During the 19th century, it had been the most frantic industrial city in the world, but by the time Joy Division had started rehearsing in TJ Davidson's – a freezing former textile factory – much of the city centre was scarred with crumbling remnants to Victorian industry. Greasy canals, railway lines and chemical plants augmented the landscape. To someone who'd had a semi-rural upbringing like Curtis, it's not hard to imagine those surroundings seeping into his musical mindset – melancholic, bleak and inorganic.

But perhaps the most important thing about Manchester was that it wasn't London, a city where middle-class perks could rain a gauntlet, scarcely from the luxury of a squat and a bohemian existence. Up North, the members of Joy Division could look at '70s society from well within it because that's where they'd always been placed. Sumner's family were relocated from their Salford home to a tower block when he was a kid. Curtis had a full-time job with Langsweer recruitment, his wife, Debbie, a kid in a terraced house. He voted Conservative. Hook, still in his early twenties, gave a hand rather than roping his pants or wearing safety-pinned boozing gear. Morris was shy, introverted. Onstage, it looked as if they'd gone shopping in the grey-and-beige section of C&A's work wear department. They were slim. Factory boss Tony Wilson paid them to glue together the newspaper sleeves of *The Return of the Drunken Column* album. The end of the band, in turn, paid Curtis to do their shirts. If Joy Division sound uncertain and weary, it's because they were never at a position to seem angry or smirking about their lot. They were normal. ▼



If Curtis and chains were such average Joes, however, why does so much of their music have a Gothic edge? Perhaps it's because they were in thrall to writers like JG Ballard or proto-existentialist pastor boy Fyodor Dostoevsky. A prolific writer since his teens, Curtis kept boozes of poetry and prose, and could talk Hesse and Sartre as well as anyone in Macmilland.

Even if he hadn't been kicked out of his grammar school for a fizzed-out interest in amateur chemistry (solvents and barbiturates mostly), there's no suggestion that he was ever interested in higher education, but he had an insatiable intellectual curiosity right to the end. On tour in Bruges he dragged the rest of the band to a local arts centre so that he could see a performance by beat writer William Burroughs and get a book signed. The others made merry with the strong Belgian ale on offer.

At the band's first gig, they had been billed as 'Still Kittens'. Onstage, they then announced they were actually called Wirsna before settling upon Joy Division. It was a name gleaned from Nelson De-Mar's House of Dolls, a novel in which the Auschwitz survivor details the lives of women kept as sex slaves in concentration camps. A niche subject? Not really. It was a bestseller, standard reading for British schoolboys, many of whom would develop something resembling a morbid interest in Nazi Germany by the 1970s. The Joy Division song 'Warrior' opens with the phrase '350125 Ga', while '3162' appears in the chorus – a reference, it seems, to Rudolf Hess' prisoner of war number (he was second-in-command and conspiracy theorist Foucault had been captured during the war, and kept prisoner of Spainish until his suicide, aged 93, in 1987).

Though Joy Division never adopted the neo-Nazi chez de Sausset Sioux or Sid Vicious, their name alone was enough to draw blasting accusations of neo-Nazism. When Hook, Sumner and Morris founded New Order after the suicide of Curtis, they had to shrug off the suggestion that their new name was another reference to the Reich (as per one of Hitler's favourite catchphrases: 'The new order of the Reich'). It's worth pointing out that, unless you're remarkably well-trained to picking up coded Nazi messages, there's nothing in Joy Division or New Order's lyrics that suggests a far-right political stance. Hooray!



**the  
end**

**Don't it funny?** people will say, 'that New Order turned out to be really different from Joy Division'! Electronic pop, dance and disco were the influences, with Sumner shouldering singing duties while Morris' 'gutthrust' Gillan was recruited to play keyboards. Hockley's distinctive, energetic, high-octane bass guitar stinkies were the only obvious evolutionary hang-up from the jump between the two bands - a habit he'd developed when in Joy Division because his gear was so crap that he could only hurt himself if he played like that.

New Order enjoyed success on a level Joy Division wouldn't have even got around to considering - 1980's 'Blue Monday' became the biggest-selling 12" single in chart history, and John Barnes briefly stepped into Curtis' shoes on World Cup 90 anthem 'World in Motion'. As Factory Records' flagships act, they ended up playing a pivotal role in bringing the pills and thrills to Manchester, timing the creation of The Hacienda disco, where Madonna would stage her first UK performance, and spawning the dance-and-guitar mix-up of 'Madchester'. Guns and drugs eventually closed the club in the mid-'90s, but, just for fun, try listening to Joy Division's 'New Dawn Fades' and imagining the people making that music being responsible for the UK's first superclub. It's not easy.

**Curtis was 23** when he killed himself. Maybe it's the grown-up clothes, the deep ringing voice or the fact that he had a wife and kid, but it always comes as a jolt to remember just how young he was.

Before he hunged himself in the kitchen of his Macclesfield home, he watched German director Werner Herzog's *Shoeshop* on BBC2, while Iggy Pop's 1977 LP *The Idiot* was on his turntable. The latter was a case of Curtis coming full-circle: Iggy and The Stooges' proto-punk had charged his adolescent ambitions of rock stardom, and he modelled his onstage psychosis on Iggy's. That *The Idiot* was produced and co-written by David Bowie, another prip, adds to the pugnacity: here Curtis was, not as a doomed star, but as a still-young music fan, listening to the work of his older men who had, in their way, egged him on down this particular path.

*Shoeshop* is not a film you'd lightly recommend to a mate considering suicide. Following these low life brothers and their immigration from Germany to Wisconsin, it ends with lead character Bruno Brosszak taking his own life, along with the recurring Remojo motif of chicken, or this occasion, dancing chickens. If you happen to own an original pressing of the posthumous Joy Division album *Still*, check the vinyl groove rotation. Side A reads 'The Chicken Won't Stop', side B reads 'The Chicken Stops Here' ■

# out of control

JOY DIVISION  
\*\*\*\*\*

JOHN INGBRITH HAD A VISION. OR, WHEN JOHN INGBRITH PLANNED BLACKPOOL ON JULY 27, 1979, THAT GIG, HE WISHED HIM TO GET THE CROWD CARRYING ON THE DIRECT, RAW, TERRIFYING VIBES FROM ANARCHIST, MARXIST, AND FASCIST, AS WELL AS A SICK AND MAGAZINE-ADVERTISING CHAOTIC, WHO CHAMPED THE MANCHESTER SCENE. HE IS HIS FATHER'S SON, A DRUGS HIGH.

27 JULY 1979 170



Weeks after Ian Curtis hanged himself and Joy Division finally have a Top 20 single, 'Love Will Tear Us Apart' is a great song and the band are all over the media. The tragic story caught a lot of people's imagination, apart from Radio One DJ Peter Powell, who thought this was the new record from female singer Joy Davidson.

Joy Division's music was perfect for the post-punk comedown, the nihilistic hangover from the promise and excitement of the punk era underlined by Curtis' sad death. Punk had been life-changing. But what happened next?

We were truly a fucked-up generation. There was an intense and mutual illness, heavy drugs and dark introspection. All across the UK we fought pitched battles over our inner selves and got excited over seven-inch singles, even in Blackpool where we fought our own mini-punk rock war.

It was a rite of passage with great music, rough hair and shit drugs. In the big city the battles must have been very intense, very divisive. When I grew up, by the seaside, it was just plain dangerous. Anyone who looked a bit punk was asking for a lashing but that didn't matter with this glorious soundtrack.

We would sit there waiting for the next great band in the plot, drinking endless cups of tea, writing music reviews, posters and then tuning in to John Peel, trying to tape all the great stuff pouring out of the speakers from The Ruts to The Fall. We may have been growing up in a town that was built for stag parties and cheap fast food, but we were hip.

As punk began to morph into new shapes, the one band that was really making everyone sit up was Joy Division. The clutch of nervous young men and wild-eyed punks that we hung about with in later years on their case. They were serious enough for the art mob but they also rocked hard enough for the punks. There was darkness to them, a darkness that had been hinted at in The Doors and The Stooges, but that was Aspergerian darkness, a different kind of stuff - all grown up without a do with help, which no one in Blackpool could even find labels like Joy Division was

home-grown darkness, that noisy melancholy of the north west.

Then the news went round that Section 28 had invited Joy Division to Blackpool to play the Imperial Hotel. It was the perfect venue. It had a seedy, nocturnal atmosphere to it. The stage backdrop was smoke-stained, grubby windows and faded felt curtains. It looked like a David Lynch set.

At the time it seemed like a really big deal since no one ever played our tatty seaside town. Joy Division's debut album, *Unknown Pleasures*, had just been released and it defined the term 'cult record' by making a massive impact on a few weird people. A couple of copies floated round school, passed by the break room - the druggie who hung around in the bags smoking dope or around the corridor talking revolution and punk rock.

The album sounded fantastically bizarre at first - like a huge rolling monster of a record. It was dark and dense. No one in rock had ever gone this far below. And it was northern, and even if they were from Manchester - that massive sprawl somewhere down south - we felt attached, like we were some sort of outport of that some. Joy Division were our latest crush. And now they were coming to play in Blackpool.

Every punk type in town had turned up. It was a sea of leather jackets and those tiny Miss Better Badges. There were early New Romantics and proto-Goths and a smattering of long haircuts. Factory types and even the odd flower freak. This was the period when punk was fracturing into a myriad of fribby sub-scenes and people were wandering off in their own direction. Joy Division were undoubtedly inventing post-punk, and Goth as well - their influence was going to be massive.

We wanted to make something of Blackpool so we printed our own t-shirt and refilled the bands, but Joy Division were a step ahead of us. They knew guitar chords and could play in time. They had a look as well. A dressed down look that was as dressed down it looked dressed up. They looked like exotic tigers some East European art house star - all tightly buttoned shirts and waist, shiny stickers that you certainly couldn't buy in Blackpool. They had the

sort of haircut that you only saw in World War II documentaries and they lived in air of mystery.

The first band on were two scowly looking blokes with beards who played a song called 'Electrolyte'. These. They then kicked off. They didn't say much but claimed that this was their first gig and they were called 'Orchestra Maniacs in the Dark'. We thought we'd never hear of them again even if that song was damn good.

When Joy Division came on they intoned, "Good evening, we're Joy Division", before crashing into their set. They sounded great. Ian Curtis was overly intense. He did all that arm waving stuff and he had eyes that drilled holes into the venue's wall. My mate Steve asked Hooly to play 'Transmission' and the ever-pissed bogan monster wheeled him with his punks; a typically blunt Hooly reply.

Of course, he then duly complied with that howling bass line. The song was a roundly after but packed a raw punch of its own. You can hear echoes of Black Sabbath somewhere in its moody power, as well as the Verve, Kinks, Iggy and The Loudest King all mixed together and spun back with its own unique twist.

They were at the top of their game that night. Their set list reads like a checklist of killertunes: 'Dead Souls', 'Glass', 'Gentle', 'Adolescent', 'Transmission', 'She's Lost Control', 'Shadowplay' and 'Atmosphere Exhibition'.

Joy Division changed everything. They showed just how far you could go in rock and how dark you could take it. They explored places that no one else could be said to. Ian Curtis was a self-made, book-wielding intellectual who used a raw musical platform to make his utterly original music. The rest of the band made a brilliant racket.

Within a year he was dead, the night after he made the DJ at the local punk club thought that it was Ian Dury that had died and duly announced it. Everyone was very upset.

All these years later, now they've been recognised as one of the key bands of their time, I often wonder if Peter Powell ever did realise that there was no such person as Joy Division. ■

# hooky

JOY DIVISION AND NEW ORDER BASSIST PETER HOOK IS  
A HACCISSOID LEGEND. I DON'T TAKE MUCH TO GET HIM  
REMINISCIENCE ABOUT THE OLD DAYS.

WORDS BY MONISHA RAJESH

# hacienda

Ian Curtis probably never thought that his death would be the precursor to a party scene that would define the culture of Manchester's music and madness.

When the soulful members of the band, rechristened New Order, toured America, they found themselves dancing in and out of dark, druggy and claustrophobic clubs, and they decided to bring a little bit of their new tastes back to the UK, together with ubiquitous Factory Records 'boss' Tony Wilson. New Order founded the club that set in as yet uncharacted precedent of hedonism for those who were, quite honestly, mad for it.

The dream wasn't to make money but to live a 24-hour all-pervading party life, an ambition that quickly drained their finances. Though supported by record sales from New Order and royalties from Joy Division, the Hacienda still lost £1.5 million – the whereabouts of which are still a puzzle to the men who ran the show.

Twenty-five years after the opening and subsequent demolition of the Hacienda, New Order bassist Peter Hook's Hooky! Hook talks to LME Live about his memories of a club that pushed boundaries, broke rules and introduced a generation of fucked up Manchesterians to hedonistic excess.

**LME Live:** Without Ian Curtis' death, there would be no Hacienda. Is that right? **Where idea was it?**

**Hooky:** What, Ian's death? It was [Joy Division manager] Rob Gretton's. He felt that people like us had nowhere to go. At that time in Manchester, clubbing was a joke and he after. We were coming out of punk, and people literally had nowhere to go, dressed as we were dressed.

**LME Live:** What was it like inside?

**Hooky:** A huge, bright blue aircraft hanger with a massive glass roof. It was always really bright and full of fantastic designs. There was such a dramatic 'wow' effect when you walked through the door – it was complete contrast to any club anyone had seen in England before. ▶

[Designer] Ben Kelly was just told to do something fantastic, so he went berserk. I only found out 30 years later that he'd spent a fortune on the design.

**LWLies: Who were the usual suspects who haunted the club?**

**Heeky:** People like us. Yes, there may have been a spark of interest because we owned it as New Order, and certainly other bands were always there, but it was a bit like a youth club. It wasn't run as a business. I'm amazed at the bloody mistakes we made. It was like putting Rusted in charge of sending a rocket to the moon. Why on earth would a group of three record-company tossers who were literally flying by the seat of their pants think they could run the biggest club in the north west of England? It was ridiculous and pure idealism. It was uncontrollable because of the size of it. Bernard Manning used to us on the opening night, 'Don't give up your day job, lads!' We couldn't give up our day jobs as it was our day jobs that were paying for the bloody Hacienda.

**LWLies: It was basically a place of hedonistic masochism?**

**Heeky:** It probably was, actually. We were the centre point for the mad parties, which was us lot, Happy Mondays, Stone Roses and all the groups and all their hangers-on – who were the worst of all. It really was hedonistic masochism. We were paying for our own party and keeping everybody else's. The deal was absolutely wonderful, and it changed Manchester. It changed clubbing and it changed the face of England along with Factory Records. But it was doomed to failure right from the second they opened the doors. It was like putting a bower in charge of a garage. He wouldn't know what to do because he knows fuck all about cars.

**LWLies: Didn't you see that coming?**

**Heeky:** We didn't recognise it until we were on our knees. But it survived for 15 years. For the first half it survived as a successful gig venue, and for the second it was a very successful club venue. The two didn't really mix.

**LWLies: What was it that made it so special for you?**

**Heeky:** Tony Wilson said, 'It's peppered with your bloody money, so you'd better enjoy it.' It was a wonderful collection of people – it was the place to go. I was a cancer and a never and it was like you'd died and gone to cancer and never heaven.

**LWLies: Like an English Studio 54?**

**Heeky:** Exactly. But not the drug scene. It always amused me when I found out later that most of the clubs in Eng land prided themselves on their own drugs. It was something we used to try and discourage in the Hacienda. We used to work with the police to try and prevent it.

**LWLies: That's not quite the reputation you had in the later years.**

**Heeky:** Well, you don't want people dying on your hands. When you're running a club with 3,000 people in, you've got a responsibility to

look after them. Trouble was that because of the climate we were in, especially the drug climate, you could never guarantee the safety of those people. It was a horrifying time when we had these terrible instances. There was also a place called the Gallery that was full of heroin, and when they closed it down they all came to us.

**LWLies: Are there any key characters that stick in your mind?**

**Heeky:** There were hundreds of them. From the Happy Mondays and Stone Roses to us lot. I mean, you're full of characters already isn't you? Even major drug dealers and gangsters. No wonder Tony and Rob almost had nervous breakdowns. They couldn't ever concentrate on the business side of things because they were so busy concentrating on making sure that everyone who came through the door got out alive... It's a funny thing though – the energy from any club comes from the edginess, and Hacienda did have that nervous-edginess, which a lot of the time led to the lemming-like dash out of the doors.

**LWLies: And was it like home for you?**

**Heeky:** Well, Hacienda means 'home' in Spanish, and I really did have a fantastic time there. But by 1994 my accountant said to me, 'You're really set to decide whether you're doing this for your ego or your wallet.' And really, in all truth, it was purely for the ego. You're in your own club, spinning around, king of the world. Peter Stringfellow must do it every night. It's an addictive thing, power.

**LWLies: Why are people so desperate to be associated with the club and the era?**

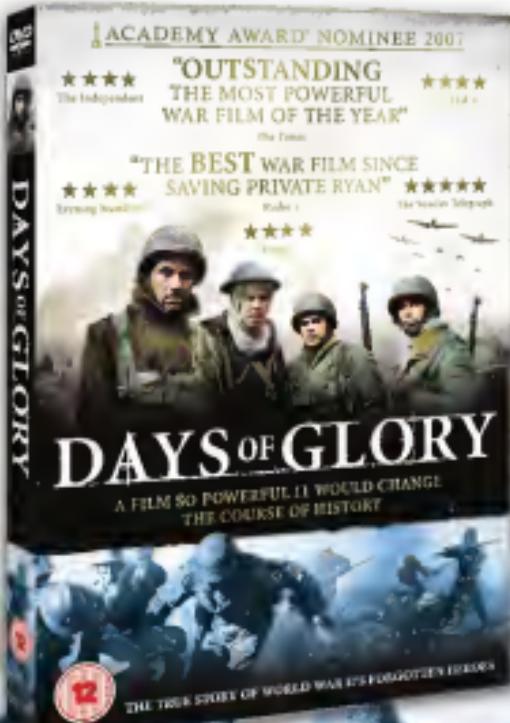
**Heeky:** Well, I was pleasantly surprised when I came to do an exhibition on the Hacienda at the Ulster museum in Manchester as to how many people's lives were lived through it. I was 23 when it opened and it saw my life through until age 38. Some people had the best night of their lives there, some had the worst, some had both, and, if you were really lucky, you had neither. Everybody remembers everything differently. I do think that our boys made the right decision for Manchester. Tony always thought that we should give something back – he just didn't realise that it meant everything.

**LWLies: What was it like when it ended?**

**Heeky:** I started the bulldozer that pulled it down. In some ways it was a bit of a blessing. The responsibility and the financial drain were killing me, and I was delighted because watching a new ownership come in would have been like seeing your ex-girlfriend out with somebody else. Virgin were after it and I didn't like the idea of them coming in and making a fucking fortune. We'd have looked really stupid. To my mind, it was better that it disappeared and that the block of flats in its place is called The Hacienda – it's a lasting monument to it, and I think it's really wonderful that people can finally go home to the Hacienda. ■

Given Heeky's one-man show, *An Evening With Peter Heeky*, to hear more about the myths and mysteries surrounding the Hacienda at the Ulster museum, Manchester, on September 8, [www.ulster.org.uk](http://www.ulster.org.uk)

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WODDLY AND LIPSON  
PHOTOGRAPHY BY PAUL WILLOUGHBY



PETER SAVILLE'S COVER DESIGNS FOR JOY DIVISION EPITOMISED THE CREATIVE ENERGY OF THE TIMES. BUT THOSE TIMES ARE LONG GONE, AND NOTHING IS SO FRAGILE AS THE SPIRIT OF YOUTH.

"One great investment happened in Factory and the investment was someone's life. Identity, the life of Ian Curtis was the investment that made Factory happen. Ian's life was the sacrifice that made it all work."

You can't look around with a statement like that – you've got to earn the right to make it. Otherwise, who are you? Just some doofus on Saturday night TV remembering why you loved the '70s, yeah, slinkies and so on, that decade rocked.

But Peter Saville isn't some blooming pop scholar and he's not propping sound bites. His career is the stuff of history, so when he offers an opinion on the death of Ian Curtis and the rise of Factory Records, you'd best sit up and listen.

Saville was part of the loose affiliation of artists that edited Tony Wilson's record label and Heywood night club in the late '70s and early '80s. He graduated from Manchester Art College in '79, part of a generation of young graphic designers who came out fighting for a new creative vision.

"For my entire four years I was at odds with the prevailing educational culture of graphic design," he says, perched at a desk in his studio. Big in hand, unlit, baton, baton, drawing gear – every inch the conscientious maven. This prevailing culture was the New York school of visual art that touched genius in the hands of Saul Bass and Milton Glaser, but had become "bored and clichéd" beyond that naked atmosphere. ▼



Saville saw the future elsewhere. "I was growing up in the school of stable and silent visual communication, in the David Bowie/Roxy Music school of post-modern pop. I was in that generation of middle class British kids who, through pop, were learning to influence a broader visual canon of culture."

Key to this style was a translation of power. Record artwork was liberated from the grip of record labels, and became a nexus of art, fashion and music, informed by, contributing to and expanding on the pop-cultural landscape. Designers like Saville weren't going to be passive instruments of the music business: they were going to create their own identity. "That was the lesson from Professor Bowie," he says.

Saville was 23 years old when he hooked up with the Factory crowd. But he was different. Educated and from the affluent outskirts of Manchester, he had a different perspective on what was going on. Where Joy Division knew Manchester from the inside, and gave voice to that experience in their music, Saville was an outsider with a kind of roo-woo-like eye on the city's Victorian righteousness. Where Joy Division experienced the grim reality of the post-industrial condition, it was romanticism that filtered into his work.

Joy Division released *Unknown Pleasures* in 1979, and its cover epitomises what we now

recognise as Saville's post-punk aesthetic. On a pure black background rests an image of 1080赫兹的脉冲星脉冲星 (CP-19, the first neutron star discovered in 1967). That's it. No title, no band name, no track listing. Nothing. Nothing to identify it as a commercial product. It was a giant 'f\*\*k you' to the music industry.

It's a cover that could only have come from Factory. He reckons: "Because it wasn't a company, and because it wasn't a business, and because nobody knew what they were doing. I had no gatekeepers." The only guiding principle was that, "Anything that looked like the record business was antithetical to us." Here was a cover that didn't care if you couldn't find it in the radio, didn't care if you didn't like it, didn't care if you didn't get it. That was the point: if you didn't get it, it wasn't for you anyway.

But Saville was different in another way. He was ambitious and it's that ambition that sets him apart from his contemporaries, and goes some way to explaining his career since Factory.

After producing the artwork for Joy Division's second album, *Cheats*, in 1980, Saville went to work for Virgin Records and the culture shock of it resonates 25 years later. "When I started working with Virgin," he says, "I met the rules." The demands of the industry



—get it done quick and get making money — conflicted with his meticulous and notoriously time-consuming approach to his work. He admits he was unpopular but blames it on their "shallow standards". Then he offers a more surprising explanation: "I knew that the work I was doing in the music industry was a playground for design, but it wasn't serious, grown up design. If I was going to do British Airways one day I was going to be about the quality and the standard of the work, not how happy some cowboys at Virgin were."

Imagine of this point a mental switching of tyres. Hang on. That's like Ian Curtis admitting that he wanted to duet with Faber. That's not post-punk. You can't complain about the evil record industry and then dream of working for it. Can you? They're you. You know. BA. What's going on here?

Suddenly, in Peter Saville, you recognise the contradictions and complexities at the heart of the Factory era. Factory is a legend, but what that really means is that it's been crystallised, frozen in time, and with it the people and the attitude that made it. They've come to represent something bigger than themselves — a sign of the times, opportunity and opposition. Factory is a symbol of change, but it's a symbol of remains unchanging itself. It's a youthful ideal fixed in our collective memory but we forget that those youths have long since grown up and ▶





their ideals have long since changed shape. And in fact, maybe they didn't all share those ideals in the first place, and why should they? Unhappier, the sad, inevitable truth of age is that it leaves little room for noble ideals and our heroes are prone to belch that are violently disappointing.

So on the one hand, Seville can be casually dismissive about his work post-Factory, because none of it lives up to those youthful ideals – “They’re okay,” he says of work that has included commissions for Stella McCartney, Yohji Yamamoto and adidas. “But they’re not interesting, they’re not important. All the important work is when I was able to express my own opinion about the world I was living in.” But then what do those opinions look like today? Truth is, they’ve taken on the crushing perspective of age: “Record packaging and music is something you’re interested in as a teenager and when you’re in your early heroes, but it’s not long term and it’s not serious.”

This sentiment is entirely legitimate except for the pessimism it entails about the world today. Sometimes it seems like there’s an ugly provincialism in people who’ve been involved in creative movements and, having had their own stab at youthful rebellion, they

want to deny anybody else the same chance, as if that might make the memory of their youth (which, for some of them, is all they’ve got left) less special.

No one could accuse Seville of living off the past, but he’s strikingly dismissive of today’s creative environment as being only “business-oriented.” That’s why he says, “The reality is that professional graphic design is not the right place for me... Even though I know business and I grew up in a business family, I’m actually not interested in what I think of as a dimension of art or culture being bordered by business. That’s what I have a problem with.”

As an example, he gives Martin Sorrell’s redesign of the BA (British Airways) first class logo. BA saw itself as the “world’s airline,” so Sorrell and co-named him from the BA fleet and replaced it with designs from around the world. It was, says Seville, a “wonderful response” to BA’s particular conundrum: but Business Class passengers – the ones who pay BA’s bills – wanted to fly the flag, so the designs were removed. “It’s business,” he says. “It’s all business.”

Only, it’s not all business. BA is all business because BA is a huge fucking worldwide

airline. Just as Factory wasn’t all, neither are the countless independent record labels, film distributors and – yes – magazine publishers around today. It’s easy to call the world “all business” when you make your cash as an image consultant to some of the world’s premier brands, safely tucked inside the bosom of the investment, but the things in still the things, and to deny that people are still fighting against that extremism is just a tiny bit insulting to those people when it’s every bit as hard to do that now as it was then.

It’s unfair to single out Peter Seville for criticism just because he’s honest enough to share his misgivings. He’s not that shiny-eyed about the past either. Indeed, the one thing he still believes in (perhaps the one thing he ever believed in) is Ian Curtis. Ian, he says, was “the last true story in pop” and that makes him different – makes that period different: “he killed himself because of how he felt so this touches people,” he says. “It’s very rare in contemporary culture for there to be anything for people to believe in.” That, on the end is the difference between then and now – Factory, Manchester and the 70s paid the price for their credibility, one that we’re yet to pay. And yet, if we’re all doomed to grow old, is it really worth it after all? ■



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# everything is illuminated

Words by  
James Bramble



AS A PHOTOGRAPHER, ANTON CORBUK UNDERSTANDS THE POWER OF A PERFECT IMAGE. ON SCREEN, THE CINEMATOGRAPHER IS THE TRUE VISUAL ARTIST OF FILMMAKING, BUT MOST PEOPLE KNOW LITTLE ABOUT THESE UNSUNG HEROES. WE GATHERED THREE OF THE WORLD'S BEST - JANUSZ KAMINSKI, MATTHEW LIBATIQUE AND DANNY COHEN, WHO BETWEEN THEM ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR SAVING PRIVATE RYAN, THE FOUNTAIN AND THIS IS ENGLAND - TO FIND OUT MORE.

## Literally meaning 'writing in movement',

cinematography remains the most mysterious role in film production. While the director reigns in the art of *silence*, the cinematographer or director of photography is caught in the mid-field of *resonance*, both defined and dominated by proximity to the big man. While other roles may be unacknowledged, they at least have a clear position in the division of labour. The role of DP, however, is defined from set to set, by personality as much as ability. Yet the importance of the cinematographer lies in the fact that while making films may be an inexact science, no one has a greater impact on their visual style.

A list of the most celebrated cinematographers is a overview of the history of cinema, its international influence, not history and greatest triumphs. Gregg Toland (*Giant*, *Rebel*), Vilmos Szenei (*The Last Emperor*), Vilmos Zsigmond (*The Deer Hunter*), Michael Chapman (*Tootsie*), Haskell Wexler (*One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest*, *Telyugma* (*The Godfather*)). DPs have a justified reputation as masters of the medium in the broad sense, based on the directorial distinction of covering performances from actors, and hence absorbed purely in the visual embodiment of the story, from framing and lenses to the use of light and shade, the texture of the film stock, and the colour palette.

Yet, perhaps surprisingly, it is still a career sans hue simply stumbled into. Janusz Kaminski fled Poland for the USA in 1982 when he enrolled at film school in Chicago. He has been DP on all of Steven Spielberg's *War* since Schindler's List, and is currently working on the fourth Indiana Jones instalment.

"I'm a young man," he says, "what do you know about movie making? There's a director, there's a producer with a budget, there's a story to be reviewed and entertained by. I didn't know there were other professionals. Once we started making a lot of movies, totally by accident, I was taken to be the cinematographer and I just fell in love with the whole idea of creating an image and being proud of the work. I was never really told I was good at anything, but from the very first time I shot a load of film, I was told I was good at it. A little bit of positive reinforcement at an early age can do magic."

Matthew Libatique met Dennis Aronofsky while studying at the American Film Institute. He has DP'd all three of Aronofsky's features in addition to *Tigertail*, *Private Beach* and next summer's *Janus*.

"I wasn't really that conscious of the position of DP," he admits. "I thought everything was filtered through the director. But then someone introduced me to the concept of DP and two films by Bertolucci and Blaauw. At the same time there was Spike Lee and *Do The Right Thing* happening. I was attracted to that partnership aspect of it, you know, like Mick Jagger and Keith Richards."

If film students don't enrol in film school with the intention of becoming cinematographers (it's perhaps partly a result of the ambiguity of this very 'partnership'), Libatique, however, is clear that his role is to be led by the director. "In a one-line phrase, I think I am really just the articulator of a vision, whether it's partly mine or not mine at all. I'm the one who has to visualise and articulate the idea that is coming out of the director's mind, or from a screenwriter, and pull it on film."

This sentiment is echoed by rising star Danny Cohen, cinematographer on *Shane, the Queen's Gambit*, *Good Girls*, *Shame* and *This Is England*. "Every job you do is absolutely different because of the degree that directors have a visual brand," he says. "Some are immediately visually fluent and know exactly what they want shot. Not to look like other directors... It's not that they're not interested in how the film is, they just completely prioritise to you, and that's what you take up when you take the job. Obviously there are two directors who work the same or think the same, so in a way you've got to be slightly chameleon about making it work."

However, veteran DP Kaminski is more definitive about the role. "Anything that goes in front of the lens I am responsible for. If something doesn't look right, either the cinematographer ignored it, or wasn't that knowledgeable, or just got lazy. Everything that goes in front has to go to my eye, if has to be approved and analysed by me. Sloppy guys are very lazy and very thoughtless – I operate slightly more on the instinctual level." ■





Kaminsky's pride in the importance of his role boils down to the fact that, despite the enviable position of working with Spielberg, he has not achieved it by compromise: "It's a very rewarding and involved profession if you want that," he says. "There are plenty of guys who don't really care, they make good money they make sure it gets done. That's not what I am. You can reduce the position to, 'Okay, I'll make sure that you can see the actors.' I provide exposure, but that's not photography. That's just the light."

Within every cinematographer there lies this conflict between professionalism and pride. Take the issue of style. For a cinematographer, a distinctive style is a double-edged sword: on the one hand it instantly contradicts the spirit of realizing a director's vision; on the other the mark of authority and artistic achievement.

When asked if they have a style, Kaminsky, Libutique and Cohen all have a similar refrain: "I don't think I have a style," demurs Kaminsky. "I look at all the films I've done – from *An Officer and a Gentleman* to *Reversal of Fortune*; make we're making *Jody* [IV] – the beauty of these movies is that none of them are set in the same time frame, and none of them has the same story. What you can have is a certain aesthetic. I think I'm fond for a certain aesthetic."

Then Libutique: "I like to think that I tether to the story. I build the visual language based on the screenplay and the main character. I think if there was a 'style' for me, it would be that I am trying to adhere to what is necessary for the film to be realized. I feel comfortable but I am still striving in every film."

But perhaps it's Cohen who puts it most succinctly: "I think in a way [having a style] is the kiss of death. If you say, 'This, this, this is a style,' you compromise yourself. For me, I like to keep things 4 up. The work I did with [Stephen] Poliakoff was sick. High-end TV drama. If you compare that with *RNA* [Exploded], you could link the way things are framed or something, but as films they're not similar in any way. I think if you ended up having a style you'd end up getting asked to do the same sort of work, which you do very well, all the time. If anything, style is just what's underneath the images."

It's interesting that these cinematographers, like Stevens, who have most obviously developed an individual style or persona (in his case even in his most 'humble' films, *Reversal*) have done so within the parameters of an established relationship with a director (in this case, Bernardo Bertolucci). Both Libutique and Kaminsky are effusive in praise for the freedom that their partnerships give.

"I'm naturally interested in making a popcorn movie that communicates on every visual but somehow very shallow level," says Kaminsky. "I want to make movies that entertain both things. That's why I'm with Stevens, because he has that ability to make movies that provide entertainment but also have some substance to them, and they give me a chance to create a non-verbal language which has emotional impact on the viewer, while at the same time they are entertained by Stevens' ability to communicate with large audiences."

Libutique: "He [Bertolucci] is very specific, clearly about composition and it's very granular what he does in terms of visuals, but at the same time he's free. The specificity of light he doesn't really get into, he leaves that up to me, so there is that kind of creativity. It's almost like I have more freedom to light with him even though he's so specific about his intent."

Security through artistic partnership, then, in the medium of the cinematographer. But with the right personalities, it is a happy and productive union. Matthew Libutique again: "I still believe it's a director's medium, which is what I enjoy for me, the beauty of it is being held close to the visionary and being that right-hand person who articulates that vision – having that responsibility and having that contribution is the rush. The director who walks the red carpet at Cannes completely deserves it, you know, and for us, that's what we wanted, we should be directors. I think we're almost like the drummer. We sit in the background!" ■

WHILE FACTORY RECORDS REFLECTED MANCHESTER'S GLOOMY POST-INDUSTRIAL MUSIC SCENE, DOWN SOUTH, AN ALTOGETHER DIFFERENT SOUND WAS EMERGING. THE LABEL ON EVERYBODY'S LIPS WAS ZTT. THEIR MISSION: NOTHING LESS THAN THE REBIRTH OF POP. WORDS BY JONAS MILK

til  
you  
die



Like many of the best things in life, it came in a plain cover. Discussed in marvelling tones at the back of the classroom, the record captivated our fertile imaginations. The group dressed in bondage gear and performed unspeakable acts on the video. They were called Frankie Goes To Hollywood, and the single was 'Relax'.

Although the record had been released before the end of the previous year, it took the hilarious antics of Radio One DJ Mike Read – who swapped it in hot live on air – to catapult it to number one in January 1984. By then the song was subject to a total BBC ban, but this only added to its mystique.

Behind it all, printed on the centre of the 12" disc, was the motto *Zang Taum Tumb*. Named after an obscure Hellenist futurist art movement, the label was set up by ace producer and one-time Yes man Trevor Horn alongside his wife Jill Smoller who provided the business input, and NME journalist Paul Morley. Horn and Morley established themselves as partners in crime, verging an unfashionable crusade to inject big sounds and even bigger hype into the world of pop.

Factory Records provided much of the inspiration – ZTT releases were numbered in the 'Artist' and 'Incident' series – but in contrast to Factory's post-industrial Manchester gloss, ZTT was a purveyor of pristine, power-tooled pop from a studio in Notting Hill, West London well-heeled, bohemian and, yes, slightly pretentious.

'Two Tribes', the follow-up to 'Relax' that played on Cold War tensions, announced itself with an air raid siren, crashing cymbals and a nuclear attack warning. Coupled with lavishly designed record sleeves and a controversy-stoking video, the message was simple: pop matters.

Looking back, the conspiratorial murmurings over whether Frankie Goes To Hollywood performed their own material seem strangely innocent. Horn's euphoric, expansive sound gave 'Two Tribes' and 'Welcome To The Pleasuredome' – that title track of Frankie's debut album, which had then-record advance sales of £1 million in Britain – an exhilarating weight that's still palpable today.

One year on, ZTT also had major critical and public successes with the Art Of Noise – an invincible supergroup of producers – and three Glassolabots called Propaganda. The latter's first album, *A Secret Wish*, produced by Horn accomplice Stephen Lipson, represents the label's most successful mix of pseudo-intellectual bombast and pop hooks, headed by a single, 'Dr Mabuse', whose video provided photographer Anton Corbijn with his directorial debut.

At the height of its fame in June 1985, ZTT took over the Ambassadors Theatre in London to showcase its diverse roster, which by now included a French cabaret artiste, Anne Poglay, and avant-garde composer Andrew彭波 (but all was not well behind the scenes).

Propaganda claimed that precedence was being given to the Frankie campaign, which meant that their brilliant second single, 'Duel' (described by Morley as 'Abbe in heaven'), was delayed. Perhaps Horn was also distracted by work on his own masterpiece, *Grace Jones'*

*Slave To The Rhythm*, an album of half-a-dozen versions of the same title track that reportedly took nine months to perfect.

However, things were no better in the Frankie camp: the group's four members were unhappy about their lack of involvement in the recording process. 'To people in the street, the live of our lives are *Frankie Goes To Hollywood*', said lead singer Holly Johnson. 'It's only a certain elite that thinks otherwise. No one's going to shout "Frankie" at Paul Morley or Trevor Horn in the street.'

They were packed off to Ireland with Lipson to write their second album, *Liverpool*, but it was to be their last. Art and elbow was no longer enough to support the carefully constructed pantheon of ZTT. A series of legal actions heralded the departures of the label's three founders: the Art Of Noise, *Frankie Goes To Hollywood* and Propaganda.

Only in 1988 did the label truly find its feet again, thanks to pioneering British dance group *BOB* Strike, first with album 80 and then follow-up *Ec: El*, which included hits 'In Your Face' and 'Cubik', as well as astute collaborations with New Order's Bernard Sumner and Byrds, then lead singer of bonkers Icelandic group The Sugarcubes. Initially, Horn transformed some of the same electro know-hows to new springy *Sex*, but then went quickly moved from cutting-edge pop to AOR pop.

By the time of ZTT's tenth anniversary celebrations in 1994, the pattern had been set for the following years: the label that pioneered the possibilities of the 1980s – causing chart rules to be altered to limit the number of different versions of a single that can be released – was now preoccupied with remastering, reorchestrating, re-releasing and, yes, reissuing its prestigious catalogue.

Horn even proved naysayer Holly Johnson wrong when in 2004 he recruited a Prince's Trust concert featuring many of the acts he had produced – some from ZTT's heyday – to celebrate 25 years of his own career in the record industry. The finale was a performance by *Frankie Goes To Hollywood*, with Johnson a piece in the line-up taken by a TV-station audition-seeker.

These days Stephan Lipson provides the meticulous production on Will Young's memorable singles, and the label's legacy can be heard elsewhere. Who else but Trevor Horn could be behind faux western *Tutu*'s synth stabs? Just listen to the care and attention afforded to throwaway acts like *Get A Grip* or *Rachel Stevens*, say, and ask yourself where that attitude came from. No wonder Paul Morley's book, *Wonda and Meek*, is a blushing-free hagiography to Kylie's 'Can't Get You Out Of My Head'.

A year ago, Horn's wife Jill Smoller had an accident that left her in a coma. Newspaper reports recently suggested Horn is selling their home – with attached superstition – because it is too painful for him to live there. But he continues to work, and looks like he's back to what he does best. With old cohorts Lol Creme and Lipson, he's just released a single, 'Barking Up The Right Tree'. They're called The Producers. Sounds like a blast. ■



A circular logo for the movie "Death Proof". The word "Death" is stacked on top of "Proof" in a bold, black, sans-serif font. The letters are thick and have a slightly jagged, metallic appearance. The entire logo is set against a white background that is framed by a dark border. The word is surrounded by a ring of black asterisks of varying sizes, creating a decorative border.

# Death Proof

ROLL UP, ROLL UP: THERE'S A SOUL FOR SALE. DEATH ISN'T THE END, YOU KNOW, IT'S JUST A PIT STOP ON THE ROAD TO SUCCESS.



*Freddie Mercury*

—  
by ANDREA KIRKLAND



*The Notorious B.I.G.*

—  
by MARK TAPLIN



*Rick James*

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*Sid Vicious*

by PAUL WILLOUGHBY



*Elvis*

1935 - 1977

*Elvis Presley*

by AUSTIN © NEW STUDIO

# appetite for destruction

IN THE MUSIC INDUSTRY A SIMPLE RULE PREVAILS: IF YOU WANT TO BE BIG, BE DEAD. BUT AS RECORD COMPANIES CULTIVATE THE MYTHOLOGY OF DEATH IN THE SEARCH FOR PROFITS, IS OUR OBSESSION WITH SELF-DESTRUCTIVE ROCK STARS SENDING A DANGEROUS MESSAGE TO THE MEDIUM'S YOUNG FANS? WORDS BY CAMO MATTIN

Our generation is too young to remember the suicide of Ian Curtis on May 18, 1980. For us, Curtis has always been shaped by the legend that enveloped him; a distant, shimmering object of seductive fascination.

But another suicide helped define pop music when we were teenagers. Back in 1994, Kurt Cobain's death was shocking because it was the abrupt, incomprehensible end to a part of our living cultural landscape. Whether or not you liked Nirvana, you understood that they were a part of the 'here', suddenly stopped.

It seems strange today that a new generation stands in relation to Cobain as we did to Curtis; they see him as an eternally made postscript – the magazine retrospective the re-packaged music, the documentary film – covered in the mystique that attaches itself to those artefacts. Instead of the real Cobain, they have their own, mythified version.

What is the strange relationship between rock music and self-destructive death? Why do stars such as Curtis and Cobain – as well as Jim Morrison, Jeff Buckley, Janis Joplin and others – attain a status in death that their music, however brilliant, could never have afforded them in life? How, exactly, does that transformation occur, and, moreover, what is the music industry's role in it?

Perhaps the idea that record company executives in dark suits sat out to glamourise suicide is simplistic. Still, it seems apparent that the industry – and its media, too – somehow end up sailing teenagers a tony tale about these rock stars that has little to do with truth, and lots to

do with brick catalogues. If so, what might be the effect of that on the music's consumers?

Nora Melberg is a psychotherapist at the Anna Freud Centre in London, which specialises in helping children and adolescents with mental health problems. She says that the messages teens receive from, and about, the rock stars they listen to are important: 'Adolescence is the second stage of psychological vulnerability, after infancy,' she says. 'Studies show that, in fact, you regress a little in terms of your ability to cope with the world.'

'At that age you are letting go of your parents, and starting to seek your own identity. This means teens constantly seek new objects of identification. Who do they want to be like? Music and rock stars become a very powerful answer to that question.'

Melberg knows from first-hand experience that when teens are encouraged to identify with a dysfunctional persona, the effect can be damaging: 'These days, I see a lot of teens who are into music which sends the message that it's okay to hate yourself. Some of the teens I see cut themselves, and I start to wonder if they see that as something that they have to do in order to be the person that they want to be.'

'An event such as the suicide of Kurt Cobain is at the extreme end of all this. It's dangerous if this suicide is presented, even implicitly in a legitimatising way of dealing with problems. It's easy to demonise the music industry, but what about doing more to say that the suicide of Cobain and the self-destructive behaviour of someone like Pete Doherty, are not legitimate lifestyle choices?'



If teens are vulnerable to the messages we give them about rock stars, living or dead, what kind of responsibility should the music industry shoulder? Or is a fascination with extremes of behaviour just a natural part of the way teenagers are? Gareth Grundy, deputy editor of Q magazine, argues for a more subtle view of what is going on. "It's easy to see that record companies make a lot of money out of dead rock stars," he says, "but it's much harder to see what their role is in that."

Grundy sees the creation of myths around dead stars as a ground-up phenomenon. "You get a fascination when certain artists die young where that fact lifts them up, and future generations become interested in them in a new way. Look at Jeff Buckley. He was highly regarded when he was alive, but no-one could have predicted the huge influence he came to have over a new generation of artists such as Coldplay and Muse. That's not imposed by executives or journalists, it's organic."

"Often an artist such as Cobain or Buckley dies, and it's your job to write music news, of course you're going to cover it, and of course some outlets might go over the top – that's part of the media landscape whether you're talking about Cobain or Dennis. But I think that idea that any magazine or writer would encourage suicide is absurd."

As for the music companies, he argues, their handling of the back catalogue is governed by a raft of practicalities. "Often the back catalogue of an artist will be controlled by his family or former bandmates," he says. "If Geffen want to put out a new Nirvana record, for example, Dave Grohl and Krist Novoselic have to sign off. So this idea that record executives are cynically manipulating the legacy however they want doesn't really work."

"Interest in these stars is out there and it's legitimate. If it's done well and by the right people – as with Cobain – then there's nothing wrong with serving that interest. A whole new generation are discovering Joy Division now, and that's a good thing."

Grundy points to the sensible handling of the Joy Division legacy to make a further point: that record executives – in this case those at Joy Division's label, Factory Records – are often friends with the artists that they represent. Zee Miller of Matador Records agrees: "At Matador, we know our artists personally," she says. "Yes, we're a smaller company, but that will be true of any record company to an extent. The executives who sign an artist will develop, at least, a working relationship with those people."

Perhaps the answers we're looking for are more subtle than the questions alone. And what of the messages in the music itself? The lyrics of Cobain and Curtis might be depressive and dysfunctional in tone, but they possess a beauty that means they will always be of interest to teenagers hungry for portraits of adult life. At the very least, the success of both singers proved that the music was real, and even if that means grappling with some weighty concepts, perhaps it's better for kids to understand that than turn out to whatever reality TV wimpy is being shown at the charts.

Perhaps we should listen more to Norla Melberg and others like her, who are trying to tell us why teenagers are drawn to troubled rock stars in the first place. Norla encourages the parents she sees to try to understand their teenager's music. "If you simply criticise it, then they really will stop listening," she says. ■

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you loved and nervously watched  
the sightings? Been pleasantly  
surprised by an off-the-radar  
independent? Anticipation plays  
a crucial role in your reaction to  
a movie. Rather than ignore it,  
we think it should be measured  
and acknowledged as part of the  
movie-going experience.

*Movie of the Month*

**Enjoyment**  
All other things aside, how did  
you feel for those two hours?  
Were you glued to your seat?  
Did the film speak to your soul?  
Was it inspiring, dispiriting,  
or just plain boring? Were you  
even interested?

*Movie of the Month*

**In Retrospect**  
Great movies live with you, you  
carry them around wherever you  
go and the things they may shape  
the way you see the world. Did  
the movie fade away or was every  
moment burned into your memory?  
What a kick for action flicks, good  
for a rainy Sunday afternoon or  
the first day of the rest of your  
life? Did you leave it with a fury  
and/or fill it with a passion?  
Or did that fire have fanned away  
like a distant memory?

*Movie of the Month*

# CHAPTER FOUR IN WHICH WE DISCUSS THE LATEST FILM RELEASES.

# DEATH PROOF

WRITTEN BY  
Quentin Tarantino  
DIRECTED  
By Quentin Tarantino,  
Rosario Dawson,  
Marty DeRosa  
PRODUCED

REVIEWED BY

**Who would ever have** thought that the plug-ugly poster boy of late '90s American cinema would make a film to be filed directly next to such dim-witted artfully bankrupt rot as *Scary Movie*, *Death Movie* and their ilk? Like those films, *Death Proof* pays homage to *horror*'s rule, inviting us into the foamy world of steady B-movie cameras and mean-hat-gelled, jangly exploitation posse. Except this film made with loads of money and will be screened in really nice cinemas, too. -?

Taking in the ultra-violent threats of Stuntman Mike (Kurt Russell) as he needlessly plunges scantly-clad young women into drives-over their faces in his souped-up black 1970 Chevy Nova, *Death Proof* - like the '60s B-movie before it - feels like a rag-bag compendium of oblique references to the '70s and little else. Yet Quentin, we all knew how good the '70s were. Can we please move on now?

To pass it that bone-fide gaudiness feel, the sound is muffled, the picture loses its colour and the green streaks are artfully reconstructed: ironically, such is the *Resita* level at which Tarantino now pitches his once-up, now crinkly ludicrous dialogue, we actually begin to appreciate the jumpy editing, especially when it saves you from a decent chunk of another dreary self-congratulatory monologue which inevitably leads to someone saying how good *Death Proof* is.

The director it seems, has ceased making films for audiences in order to appease his own



ludicrous hubris by delivering another masturbatory boy's fantasy with a leg of beer and giggle of ludicrous cheer girls where its soul should be.

Quentin Tarantino's *Death Proof* is about as useful to cinema as Martin Scorsese's padding up his exercises to open a chain of fitness salons in Hefez.

Clocking in at an obscene 112 minutes, it's an idea that

would've felt stretched at its original double-bill length (with Robert Rodriguez's *Allegen Terror*) of 90 minutes. As such, it's a loss for the director, cinema and humanity. And who ever heard of a great car movie without Kurt Russell? David Jenkins

**Anticipation.**  
Highly extreme audiences  
will appreciate the movie

gives it QTF (Quentin Tarantino Film) status - a again - those

Enjoyment is that actually logical enjoyment skipping from the screen? One

**In Retrospect.** A  
waste of time. A waste  
of celluloid. A waste  
of talent. One

# THE KINGDOM

DIRECTED BY  
Peter Berg  
PRODUCED BY  
Peter Berg, Jason Bateman  
WRITTEN BY  
Peter Berg, Jason Bateman, Jennifer Etter

REVIEWED BY  
JONATHAN LIEBMAN

**ANTICIPATION:**  
Felt like a popcorn  
should heat palms  
Beneath's Question  
Time: Three

**ENJOYMENT:** Full-  
blooded action, in every  
sense. Two

**In Retrospect:** In  
20 years this will  
look as subtle as an  
episode of *Law & Order*. One

# A MIGHTY HEART

DIRECTED BY  
Peter Berg  
WRITTEN BY  
Peter Berg, Jason Bateman  
STARRING  
Angela Bassett, Dan Futterman, John Slattery

REVIEWED BY  
JONATHAN LIEBMAN

**ANTICIPATION:**  
Sob-sob or straight down  
go either way. Three

**ENJOYMENT:** Requirements  
met: the need & inclination  
and compelling cinematic  
experience. Four

**In Retrospect:** Must  
watch it again. Must  
watch it again. A gut-  
wracking masterpiece  
as contemporary  
Blimming. Five

**In case you hadn't**  
noticed, the world has changed.  
The end of the Cold War should  
be a cause for celebration, but it  
has also left members of the  
Blimming Internally scratching  
their heads as to what bodies  
look like these days.

In a "post-9/11 world," the  
growing threat of international  
terrorism provides fertile ground  
for replacements. There's only  
one problem: the ideological  
congregation of global jihad are  
rather more difficult to characterize  
than those of disgruntled  
communists with a primed nuclear  
warhead and an itchy trigger  
finger.

Such concerns did not  
appear to be Peter Berg's top  
priority when he was sitting in  
the director's chair of action  
thriller *The Kingdom*. Set against  
the backdrop of a tumultuous  
Middle East, Berg's film opens  
with a minute-long proled history

of America's role in Saudi  
Arabia, from 1982 to the present  
day. A slick marriage of VFX and  
historical analysis, this opening  
sequence is an aesthetically and  
technically breathtaking test of  
contextualization with an  
uncomfortable subtext: we've  
done the history, now let the  
action begin.

And boy does it begin. Within minutes of the opening  
credits, a Little League baseball  
game becomes a massacre of the  
innocents as Wahabi extremists  
visit an appalling series of terrorist  
attacks on a compound for  
Western workers in Ryadh. When a follow-up explosion kills an FBI  
operative investigating the  
atrocities, Agent Ronald Flory  
(Liev Schreiber) takes matters into  
his own hands, leading a crack  
team of investigators (Jennifer  
Garner, Chris Cooper and Jason  
Bateman) from the US to avenge  
their colleague's death.





Right from the outset, *The Kingdom* displays that peculiar Hollywood confection of political engagement and intellectual indirection. Despite occasional glances of subtlety and sympathy (the film's closing lines offer a torturous insight into What Might Have Been), Berg seems unwilling to let the complexity of reality stand in the way of a thumping good action film.

Let's not be churlish – reality has never had much to do with a genre whose credo is "bigger, badder, faster, more". And – putting political sensibilities to one side – it really is a thumping good action film, one that bears the thumbprint of producer Michael Mann. Guess what, Fox and his team don't do things by the book. What the heck, they put a few people's backs up. But what's wrong with flamboyantly disregarding the laws of a sovereign nation and infusing tension across the

Middle East when you've got a terrorist to catch?

At times, Berg's decision to anchor his story in contemporary political events seems benignly simplistic. At others, it seems uncharacteristically close to becoming a distaste. It's hard to know how much to enjoy the irony of Deneen's Agent Lester flicking through his Idiot's Guide to the Koran in between missions, while Fox's reticence to a Saudi police shunt that he and his team will flush out the terrorists responsible if given freedom to operate is likewise infused with ambivalence. His assertion that "America is not perfect. But we're good at this" could apply equally to the work of his nation's own spymasters, teams of their Hollywood compatriots' ability to project nontheatrical violence as entertainment.

Although it shares loose political and geographical territory with *The Kingdom*, Michael

Winterbottom's *A Mighty Heart* might have been made on a different planet. Set in the volatile region of southern Pakistan, the film dramatizes the true story of Marie Colvin, whose husband – *Wall Street Journal* reporter Brian – was abducted and murdered by Islamist extremists while researching a story in 2002.

At the heart of the narrative in every way, Angelina Jolie is remarkable as Deneen's pregnant French-Cabaret wife. Despite belated comments from some critics who doubted the wisdom of casting her in the lead role, Jolie solidly internalizes unimaginable sorrow without surrendering herself to mawkishness, then finally unearths her heartache with alchemical force.

As the hunt for Deneen's kidnappers intensifies, Michael Zyrkind's photography brings the seething streets of Karachi to the screen in all their chaotic grim and glory. At times his masterful

cinematography approaches synesthesia, evoking the stench of sweat and stinging our eyes with the pollution and glow of an Asian metropolis. Iqan Khan excels as the police captain who leads the investigation as it snakes into the political labyrinth of a schizophrenic nation, whose presidents' outwardly pro-Western stance masks the corruption and extremism endemic in the country's security forces.

Biographical material isn't easy to handle at the best of times, but Winterbottom shows mercifully round judgment throughout, eschewing bombast and sentimentality in his pursuit of understated tragedy. This lightness of touch confirms Winterbottom's continuing development into a filmmaker of real substance, allowing him to conduct a probing exploration of the human condition in which heroism is as evident in the bairing of defeat as the achievement of victory. *Mike Wolf*



## SUPERBAD

DIRECTED BY  
Greg Mottola  
SCREENPLAY  
Michael Cera,  
Jonah Hill,  
Seth Rogen

PG-13  
104 mins

**Remember that** scene in *The Godfather* when Michael Corleone orchestrates a hit on the heads of New York's five mob bosses?

The same thing just happened in Hollywood. As of now, Jim Carrey, Ben Stiller, Adam Sandler, Will Ferrell and Vince Vaughn are dead. There's a new king of comedy in town.

Step forward: Seth Rogen, and hell, take a bow. Even Goldberg and Seth Rogen. In a little over two years, the team responsible for *The 40 Year Old Virgin*, *Knocked Up* and now *Superbad* have dragged the genre away from the limited budgets of yesterday's in-crowd and given it back to the people, ordinary people, who drink,

smoke, swear, take drugs and talk shit about sex.

It's not rocket science and it's not art, but it is a breath of fresh air to see normal kids on screen again. Witness best friends Seth (Jonah Hill) and Evan (Michael Cera). Seth is an overweight bundle of sexual frustration. Evan is a timid geek. It's the end of their school days, they can't admit they're terrified of losing each other but, for the time being, they're preoccupied with getting laid. That's going to take them on one last, raunchy night out to score some, get to a house party and get some action.

That set-up evolves into an explosively funny ride that riffs on everything from *Dazed and*

*Confused to American Pie to* Martin Scorsese's *After Hours*. It's a sprightly, skittish narrative, but director Greg Mottola marshals it expertly dividing the screen time intelligently and peeing the big, big laughs against the moments of cool, gentle fun.

Best of all, Rogen and Goldberg's script doesn't patronise these kids. Seth and Evan (and yeah, the clue is in the names) aren't likeable losers, they're just lovable and – crucially – they're never forced to become the cool kids before they get the girls.

Perhaps the film is episodic to a fault, if anything, it lacks the sustained focus that made *Dazed and Confused* such a melancholy statement about the

end of youth. But what a film is so generous, so absurdly uncynical and such determinedly amiable fun, it really doesn't matter. The future of comedy looks very, very bright indeed. *Matt Bushell*

**Anticipation** *Rogen, Goldberg and Mottola have exceeded themselves sky-high expectations.* *Tim*

**Enjoyment** *The bestialised known as 'Funny as fuck'.* *Tim*

**IN RETROSPECT** *Rogen, Goldberg and Mottola have the makings of a classic, but it'll have you snickering for weeks.* *Paul*

## AND WHEN DID YOU LAST SEE YOUR FATHER

DIRECTED BY  
Ari Folman  
WRITTEN BY  
Gary Firth, Jim  
Broadbent, Julian  
Sewellman

Produced by  
Cinematography  
by

### There's no schmaltz.

here – just the kind of truths that explore the life-long parental guilt, loss, the one that makes Philip Larkin's token phrase, 'They fuck you up, your mum and dad' – such a great cliché.

Colin Firth takes the mantle of author Morton Mason, on whose book the film is based, searching for his father Jim Broadbent's dementia from cancer, and collecting a montage of memories which trigger anger, resentment and ambivalence.

His sense of self and how parents and children reflect each other remains unperturbed by sentimentality, and this is what sets the film apart. Like



**THE FILM** Firth's reconnection is neither straightforward nor clear-cut.

Director Ariadna Gómez's use of reflection and mirrors throughout, adding layer upon layer, is fantastic – a clear indication of the psychological multi-dimensionality of watching a patient die.

**And When Old Yee Last**  
*See Your Father* is an intensely beautiful and bittersweet film that confronts the grim logistics of death – both practical and emotional – with great humour and frankness. Leron Hayes

**ANTICIPATION** Freed from the need to be a brooding but

convincing sage, like Tim

Emmington, and so it is, but with a real lightness of touch. Tim

**IN RETROSPECT** Prepare to look long and hard at your own relationships in the wee small hours. Tim

## BLACK SHEEP

Produced by  
Cinematography  
by

DIRECTED BY  
Samuel Ramey  
STORY AND SCREENPLAY  
by Mark Glaser  
MUSIC Peter Feeney

**Ah, New Zealand,** with its bucolic Hobbit-trotted hills, pastoral loveliness and vast army of fluffy animals (just waiting to be butchered: buggered, genetically modified with or, in this case, some unholy combination of all three).

Channelling the spirit of early Peter Jackson with a touch more technical sophistication and a little less art, Jonathan King's debut follows ovisophile Harry (Nathan Meister) as he heads back to his childhood home to discover that the distinctly suspect (and somewhat ewwwy) animal husbandry favoured by his brother Angus (Peter Feeney) has created a flock of insouciant Frankensheep.



In a genre that delights in depictions of tree-ripping, pants-marching mutant shoplifters, the first half is generally goofy rather than funny or scary. But then the sheep really hits the fan and WCDMs (unnameable creatures) come slithering to life in a De-

maginedland of ventriloquism, pants-marching mutant shoplifters

The only people likely to feel hard done by are vegetarians, fermans and those whose stomachs are weaker than their sense of humour. Rivals: *It*, *Trade*, *D. Mafioso*

**ANTICIPATION** And you with a intelligent sense. Tim

**ENJOYMENT** - drifts over with a cruel streak. Tim

**IN RETROSPECT** Those huge balls. Tim

DRAMA  
DIRECTOR  
STEVEN  
Cleare Deneen,  
Meryl Streep,  
Tom Cruise

REVIEWER  
JESSICA HALL

**It's a very odd film**  
that can discuss heart-shattering  
grief, loveless marriage, pain and  
regret only to taper off into a dry-  
eyed ending.

Two sisters, Constance  
(Patricia Heaton) and Anna  
(Toni Collette), peer down at  
their shrivelled mother, Ann (as  
she breathes her last). Suddenly  
a secret escapes from her  
morphine-induced muteness  
one that she's earned to her  
deathbed. The secret is a man  
named Harris.

Harris was the one who  
got away from Ann after a fling  
at her friend's wedding.  
And Harris is the one who dances  
back into Ann's heart and mind  
as she tries to pass on lessons  
learned to her daughters.

The film jumps back and  
forth to the young and innocent  
Ann played by Clare Danes in a  
thorough, bold and self-assured  
performance. Stelly (Penélope  
Wilson's Harris) is one huge  
wholesome. After a near-perfect  
performance in *Madame*.

here Wilson looks like her'd be  
more comfortable in Madame  
Bumppo. Or perhaps her tightly  
stretched face just makes it  
impossible to muster any kind  
of facial expression.

The present day scenes  
linger almost as implausibly  
as the dying mother. And  
despite the overdoes of serious  
talent – including Vanessa  
Redgrave and Meryl Streep  
despotic then sensible offspring –  
Evening says nothing new  
about the mistakes we make,

the right life harbour and the  
love we should have allowed  
in. *Madame* again.

**ANTICIPATION.**  
Sleep, Bedtime, Rainy,  
Dress – yikes! The

**Enjoyment:** slightly  
Leisure, slightly True

**In Retrospect.**  
With visiting for the  
phenomenal talent. Not  
so convincing. The



## HOT ROD

DIRECTED BY  
Alvin Sargent  
STARRING Andy  
Samberg, Leah  
Parker, Jason  
Schwartzman

MOVIES

### Here's the thing

about dumb-ass comedies: some people dig this kinda stuff. They're around — moviegoers who's comedies threshold is so low they'll laugh at pretty much anything. You'll hear them when you see *Hot Rod*, erupting in inappropriately raucous laughter every couple of minutes at the botched bike stunts, the fake-porn mustache and maybe-even-at-the-crazy-jump cult as the main character puffs, 'Good-burnin' 'bout a hundred fuses in a row.

Here's what you need to know: Andy Samberg plays Rod Kimble, a wannabe stuntman who leads a crew of deadwood types stuck in small-town USA. Though his friends respect him, Rod's sheepishness, Frank, thinks he's king of losers and tee stunts are a joke. When Rod finds out that Frank needs a \$50,000 heart transplant, he sets out on a mission to jump over 15 school buses to raise cash for the operation. Why? So he can look some stepped-up and gain his

respect-once-and-for-all.

Like it or not, that's the plot, which is padded out with a series of sketches that repeat themselves in various types and formats, over and over as they lead you to the inevitable jump-over-bus climax.

*Hot Rod*'s got all the right ingredients: heavily caricatured roles, exhilarating sight gags, and even Leah Parker, token hot chick in a low-cut dress. (But in the end, the film runs but never takes off. And though some of it might be

funny, it still doesn't mean it's a great film. *Wise McRhees*

**Anticipation:** An *Snark* talk feature on [ew.com](http://www.ew.com). **Enjoyment:** Okay, but... *Um, Uh* is actually kinda funny. *Kinda* just... *kinda*. **Impact:** None.

**IN RETROSPECT:** *Hot Rod*, starring Leah Parker, is a tight and strenuous *See*.





## THE WITNESSES

Directed by  
André Téchiné  
Starring Michel  
Benoit, Catherine  
Deneuve, Jeanne  
Moreau

Reviewed by  
Peter Bradshaw

**Paris, 1984: Manu**  
(Jean-Louis Trintignant), a young man  
stray from the country, throws  
himself with some relish into the  
city's gay pick-up scene, where he  
is befriended by an older doctor,  
Achim (a typically engaging  
Michel Boujenah). Manu has a knock  
for making friends, and it's not  
long before he embarks on an  
affair with passenger Michel: plane  
housewife, partner of Achim's friend  
Sarah (Catherine Deneuve). Of  
course, the mid-drone comes  
when Manu is diagnosed with a  
mysterious new disease.  
The outline may sound

vaguely reminiscent of Téchiné's  
1991 outing *J'embrouille pas, but*, if anything, *The Witnesses* serves  
as a counterpart to that film's  
but rather shallow affair.  
Téchiné has pitched his latest  
film against the grim reality of  
AIDS, which the director envisions  
as a war. It's a cliché of many  
films based on fact that time  
gives a welcome perspective.  
But compared to, say, Cyril  
Collard's inventory 1992  
dispatch from the front-line, *Les  
Morts Paient*, one of the very  
best films to tackle the subject of  
the disease, here there is an

unavoidable feeling of hindsight.

Indeed, the director's camera  
is curiously inconstant as it follows  
the relationships among the  
quartet of friends, which includes  
Manu's teacher, Julie (Julie  
Delpy), intriguing too in how  
on different occasions characters  
are pictured in the same clothes  
(Manu's yellow summer dress, a  
red polo shirt of Michel), revisiting  
the same settings. That's fine to  
me, but it also suggests a circle of  
society caught in a repeating cycle  
—an interesting idea which, like  
the film itself, remains curiously  
undeveloped. *Jewell*

### Anticipation

The disease may have  
gone off the boil,  
but why not this does  
not fascinate  
next time

Enjoyable—Téchiné  
seems detached, but  
when the audience has  
they come out of the  
kiss. *There*

IN RETROSPECT: *Witnesses*'  
banned expression is an  
envelope on Téchiné's  
wrapped show

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SOCAUSED FILMS INSPIRE... AMBITION

DIRECTED BY  
James Mangold  
STARRING Russell  
Crowe, Christian  
Bale, Catherine Zeta-Jones

REVIEW BY  
DAN ELLIOTT

**So, the western is back. Yes!** And no doubt meek theorists, academics and diehard boy columnists are already reaching for their potential slurs and glibly describing how the likes of 3:10 to Yuma, Ben-Hur and The Assassination of Jesus James represent nothing less than the re-emergence of the American psyche in the face of Bush-era aggression, passivity and moral torpor. And yet, you look at 3:10 to Yuma, you look closely, and it's just not there.

For here is a movie, a contemporary remake of a low-key 1957 B-western that is positively resonant to subtlety. It follows the fortunes of one-legged former and Civil War veteran (Ken Evans (Christian Bale)) as he

attempts, with the aid of a shivering posse, to bring notorious outlaws Ben Wade (Russell Crowe) to the frontier town of Contention, in order to catch the titular prison train. Along the way, Evans repels Apache attacks, corrupt marshalls and the remorseless pursuit of Wade's increasingly dangerous gang (led by a deliciously sneaky Ben Foster). The movie builds to an apocalyptic sort, with the assassinated Evans rediscovering his inner gunlinger, and the homely Wade nurturing hisitherto hidden manly

And that's about it. No chunky dialogue about the nature of war. No speculations about the essence of America, and how "this country" will one day be great (far shall you need to rent *The Searchers*)

Instead, it's just two men on horseback, chasing the shit out of each other across the desert. And that, palomino, is part of the movie's sneaky and seductive appeal.

For it's a film that has an unusually high regard for the fundamentals of storytelling, thanks to some muscular direction from James Mangold (Milk the Land), a tight Circumscribed short story source, and two typically unapathetic turns from heavyweights Bale and Crowe, with the former employing his now infamous hollow-casted eyes to devastating effect. When he pleads with Alice (Catherine Zeta-Jones) in the movie's crux scene, "I been standin on one leg for these goddamn years, waitin for God to do me a favour and he won't listen!" you will believe him.

And yes, of course, you could read lots into Bale's leg injury (from landmine, anyone?), or into the scene where Wade is tormented by psychopathic gang members (Abu Ghraib?). But really, you could also get it like Kevin Meier.

**Anticipation** A remake of a slightly lessening 1957 western? Not many. See

**Enjoyment** Bale and Crowe are big, squat, short-tempered, shooting and shooting! Fear

**In Retrospect** They don't make them like that anymore. And, being me, they just don't. True





## ATONEMENT

DIRECTED BY  
JONATHAN  
MCKEEN  
Written by  
Kris McQuade  
James McAvoy,  
Romola Garai

In the 1980s Merchant Ivy epitomised Englishness - for export in all its deepest, drollest glory. Now *Atonement* seeks to re-establish this heritage, entwining the story of a brief encounter during World War II, gauze a contemporary twist, courtesy of the dark currents of Ian McEwan's novel.

It also qualifies director Joe Wright as a major talent, his active camera as so vicious that a soldier fanned against a scorching poppy brings tears

to the eyes. And again as he wades through decapitated bodies, on the beaches singing dour, heavy-hearted hymns.

The structure, non-linear story-telling is superior too, switching from Chateaubriand-esque lovers Robbie (James McAvoy) and Cecilia (Keira Knightley), to childhoods. Bentity (Romola Garai) whose jealousy and base accusations turn them asunder. It's in the acceptance of the audience's sophistication that - whatever your fellowship with the novel -

the film finds its own language.

*Atonement* is a near masterpiece that only lacks the substance of great performances. McAvoy is charming as ever, yet the magnetism of the manor - who both love and resent the housekeeper's son - disappoints. Knightley is a vacuous pertulance while Garai is insipid and deep. When the film desperately needed a female heavyweight, what we have instead is a bottle green satin butterfly which McAvoy pins against the

ibex wall with no real women in sight. Letten Heyne

Anticipation - 8 out of the seven. Four

Enjoyment - Must see the eyes and muscle see the heart. Four

In Retrospect - Merchant's craftsmanship, but it's a set their fault - production music the ho-hum, director went the slightly less than three



## MICHAEL CLAYTON

OPENED BY  
Tony Gilroy  
100 mins. (R)  
Country: USA  
Written by: Tilda  
Swinton, Tony  
Gilroy

ON SCREEN

### Think TS Eliot

Without the poetry, think *The Hollow Man*, think corporate lawyers in their wasteland of bland. Michael Clayton is as grey it leaves a metallic taste in the mouth.

Make that grey and beige with salt and pepper sideburns George Clooney as cop/lawyer crossover Michael Clayton – he's the guy who cleans up when the legal eagles turn a blind eye to a chemicals client who's been poisoning the public.

For Clayton, it's usually a case of industrial bleach, megoldes and a service wash –

but this time he's compromised. Looking for a pay-off, his mentor Arthur (Tom Wilkinson), threatens to expose the whole shoving only to end up a 'suicide statistic.'

Swallowing a swilline, Clayton turns investigator, slithering step-beg into a plot so full holes and so lacking in humor that you'll be willing him to turn into Danny Ocean.

And yet the film is redeemed by a few tremendous features. The first is the symbolism of three homes on a hillside. They are Clayton's life and, more, represent an element of

spiritualism – that there is hope beyond corporate malfeasance. The second is a shocking murder-a sequence that's so cold-blooded, brutal, efficient and without sentiment that it intrudes on the film with gut-punching impact. And the third is the last five minutes – surely the reason Clooney agreed to do the film in the first place and a blessed relief.

Everything about him, Michael Clayton is subduced into the pay-off; it's formless, satisfying, involves a man and a woman (islet Tilda Swinton in snow-queen mode) and, for once, is one step ahead before throwing

you into an interesting cold. If director Tony Gilroy had started there and worked backwards, *Michael Clayton* might have been more Magritte and less painting-by-numbers. *Lucien Hayes*

**Anticipation** Star vehicle for George equals over the top. *Far*

**Enjoyment** Michael and Clooney give us the awwwwww. *Bawse* *Tom*

**In Retrospect** And your parents and this movie who were awake. *The*

## DISTURBIA

DIRECTED BY  
CHRISTOPHER  
MILLETT  
STARRING  
JOSHUA LEONARD,  
JENNIFER CONNELLY,  
JOSH BRECKIN  
RILEY

### A year after the death

of his father, smart-ass student Kyle (Josh LaBeouf) clouds a teacher and is placed under house arrest. On the bright side, he gets to wear young Hollywood's hottest accessory – an armband bracelet with indirect link to the big sheep. As if that's not enough, he peers out of his suburban window to discover a hot blonde babe (Jennifer Connelly) moving in next door. Things would be perfect, if it weren't for the potential serial killer up the road.

*Disturbia* is an effective update of Hitchcock's *Rear Window* for the YouTube generation. In it Kyle's obsessive imagination of at the time a murderer in their midst leads by the time you find out, the blood and guts have arrived to cater for the teen market, but that doesn't mean the movie is without merit.

The cast wisely choose to play it straight and LaBeouf particularly stands out. The rating star rate in the over-the-top

effort to provide a credible performance as a confused teen who simply can't handle life without his father.

Indeed, the film is well-acted, competently directed and has flashes of humour. The tension builds slowly, propelling by more genuine scenes along the way mostly in the shape of David Morse's nuanced turn as the suspected killer. *Disturbia*

**Anticipation** Another step in *Disturbia*'s journey towards becoming the new *Rear Window*.

**Enjoyment** Not quite *Rear Window*, but can certainly hold its own with the *Horror* there.

**In Retrospect**... Wasn't the 'Paulie' part of Tom Hanks' journey towards becoming Jimmy Stewart? *Ram*, understanding. *None*.



## IN THE HANDS OF THE GODS

DIRECTED BY  
GUY TURNER  
WRITTEN BY TURNER  
& LAUREN TURNER  
PRODUCED BY TURNER  
DIRECTED BY TURNER

IN THE



### In the Hands of the

Gods is the inspirational true story of five British freestyle footballers busking their way from New York to Guanaco, Chile, in order to meet their hero, Dunga Mumbu.

We see them using their impressive ball skills, reddish charm and sheer determination to get by, putting on shows in such weird places as Times Square, Copacabana Beach, a Dallas football stadium and a notorious Mexican night club. But we also see the strains that hunger, sleeping rough and money put on their friendships, as well as the tumultuous and deeply saddening personal lives they have left back home.

In the hands of brothers Benjamin and Steve Turner however, this documentary possesses enough subtlety and tact to avoid sentimentality. It's a fine debut, in fact – astutely shot, featuring some truly breath-taking scenery and a Benitoof soundtrack. It will leave you feeling inspired. *Anticipation*... not another God is in it. *See*

**Enjoyment** An absolute pleasure from beginning to end. *See*

**In Retrospect**... A joyous, life-affirming documentary. *See*



## ONCE

MOVIES

DIRECTED BY  
John Carney  
SCREENPLAY  
John Carney  
Music: Marketa Irglova,  
Mazzy Star

**"Where words fail,**  
music speaks." So said *Fairy Tales* writer Hans Christian Andersen, and nowhere in the power of music more persuasive than in the truly magical *Once*.

Made for next to nothing on the streets of Dublin, *Once* follows a lone Irish busker known simply as "Guy" (Glen Hansard of band The Frames) whose chance encounter with a young Czech pianist – "Sofia" (Marketa Irglova) – ignites a relationship that, on the surface, is based on their mutual love of music, but in reality cuts much deeper.

A visual album of sorts, *Once*

is punctuated with the kind of songs that tell the story of the pair more eloquently, and with a greater sense of depth and pain, than any exposition could express.

The music, a kind of folky Demian Rock infused with eastern European guitars, was written and performed by Hansard and Irglova, and while it may not be to all tastes, its simple sentiment is powerful enough to hit even the hardest of hearts. It's augmented by director John Carney's *French-kiss* style, all shaking cameras and natural lighting. Though this is a film at times, it feels the feeling

of rawness and spontaneity that the songs possess.

At first the couple's troubles instantly sound – he is attempting to forget a past love, she is caring for her struggling family – *Once* is both whimsical and eminently buoyed enormously by newcomer Marketa Irglova's performance. Her innocent and playful air – with her penchant for waving man's jackets and her quirky attempts at swearing in English – is irresistible.

Lovingly composed, *Once* rarely hits a bum note. At times, the fanciful narrative can be a little expressive, but Carney's light

touch is forgiving enough to let the irregularities slide. With a pared-down approach to film-making, and a desire to let the songs do the talking, *Once* should usher in a resounding chord with audiences. Helen Cowley

**Anticipation** – An enchanting musical about buskers. See

**Enjoyment** – Hey, they can actually sing, and it sounds good. Here we are.

**In Retrospect** – a deeply moving tale that deserves attention. Paul

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## RATATOUILLE

DIRECTED BY Brad Bird  
STARRING Patton  
Oswalt, Jennifer  
Garrett, Lou Romano

PG-13  
114 min.

**When you're cooking,** reveals chef Gusteau: "The only limit is your soul!" The same applies to Pixar whose films to date haven't so much been touched as manhandled by genius. They've built a body of work unrivaled since the days of Uncle Walt precisely because the depth of their soul, and the breadth of their imagination, have been limitless. And now they bring us... the Food Network? With a rat?

That rat is Remy, a whisks-and-gourmand born between loyalty to his uncouth family and his dreams of becoming a chef under the tutelage of the great (late) Gusteau. Remy you see has a nose that can sniff out the finest ingredients... and he will put it to good use when he finds himself in the kitchen of Gusteau's once-mighty now-faded restaurant in Paris where he hooks up with a former floor mopper, Linguini.

and together the two of them set about reviving the restaurant's fortunes.

With Brad Bird directing, *Ratatouille* has its moments of wide-eyed wonder and thinking action scenes (the opening shoot-out with a psycho gremlin is excellent), but is there anything cuter no libidinous, and then not quite so mundane, as cooking? None previously. Poor here led us, gawping, into a magical wonderland beyond our imagination but connected somehow, to our dreams. Here they've simply added their voice to a cacophony of gobble TV shows.

This is *Ready, Steady, Ratatouille*. Titled with half-decent ideas that rarely go anywhere beyond the tediously formulaic. There's family drama – the same family drama as *Nemo*, only more cynical. There is romance – the same romance as

Gem, and just as rote. And there is a further echo of that film in the aenophiles bubbling beneath its surface.

Americans hate the French. Paris is established as a marriage of resentful clichés, and it's revealing that, for all the film's professed love of cooking, the chefs are smug Frenchmen who will let you down at the first sign of trouble, while the rats are blue-collar Kankis who believe in family and guts. Take that, cheese snobs!

Poor will tell you that story is king, but here the story is an amperon with no clothes. As Remy effectively body-snatches Linguini, Ratatouille goes out of its way to apologize for its ridiculous premise – the jolting memorability is constantly having to explain that he knows the whole thing is ridiculous but if you just bite with him, it really is going somewhere, honest.

And eventually, right at the end, it does go somewhere. For 30 seconds, there is a dash of pure genius through the eyes of an evil food critic. In this one moment of inspiration *Ratatouille* tells you more about the magic of food than the rest of the film manages in two interminable hours.

That aside, all we're left with is a film that caters us to "be all you can be! And you know who that sounds like?" Not Poor. Not even Uncle Walt. Just today's depressing Disney Co. Matt Groening.

**Anticipation – star: 3½ stars**

**Entertainment: Demandingly inspired, but mostly trivial and predictable. Yes**

**Im Retrospect: We... It might just better reward *Love yourself* than**

## ROCKET SCIENCE

See a movie

DIRECTED BY  
John Battsek  
SCREENPLAY BY  
Thompson Area  
National, 100 mins.  
PG-13

**Rocket Science** is the embodiment of all those familiar adjectives which surface when describing standard American male fare: "charming", "touching", "affectionate" and it's complemented by the obligatory "quirky" soundtrack for which we have Mike Anderson to blame. The story follows Hal (Matthew Lillard) Thompson's attempt to join his high school debate team despite his intimidating exterior. His participation is undermined by the extremely obnoxious Jimmy Ryerson (Anna Kendrick), with whom he inevitably falls in love.

Where *Rocket Science* departs from its generic counterparts is in its emotional intelligence. Director Jeffrey Blitz

achieves the kind of undeniably beauty you would expect from a man used to examining the simmering issues of society. He grants such a pure performance from his young male lead that we engage with every missed syllable and prolonged exhalation that the character must endure. Furthermore, Hal's disability serves as an ideal tool to capture all the frustrations associated with unregulated high school love, and it is for these reasons that it's easy to forgive the coming-of-age clichés to which *Rocket Science* succumbs.

It won't lead you to any great apathy on the meaning of life, nor does it break revolutionary ground.



However, *Rocket Science* will remind you that American independent cinema has more to offer than the inspired tendencies of Zach Braff. As such, it's worth commending Blitz's first film's effort and hope that if future projects are to tackle more challenging material, this could be the start of good things. To quote: Alice Coon

Anticipation  
Aptitude  
Reassurance  
Efficiency  
Fear

Enjoyment... charming,  
touching, affectionate  
and quirky. These

In Retrospect... like  
comes himself as gradually  
but with perspective. These



## DRAWING RESTRAINT 9

See a movie

DIRECTED BY  
Matthew Barney  
SCREENPLAY BY  
Matthew Barney,  
Nanogae Dohmen

**For a film that should be weird, inventive and visually absorbing considering the fine art work of its director Matthew Barney, *Drawing Restraint 9* just isn't, well, crazy enough. The setting is a whaling ship which, on its top deck, has a mount filled with petroleum jelly. Barney gets taken on board by don Bjork, who provides the soundtrack. Bjork takes a bath. They drink tea. The room fills with liquid. Then...**

Actually, we won't tell you what happens next as, even though it can be assumed the film is supposed to stretch you aesthetically rather than narratively, knowing will kill your curiosity. For all the lengths to which Barney must have gone—the set alone looks terrifyingly expansive—it's a film unequal to the task of encapsulating the director's complex thoughts. It's pedantically slow and precise, but when you start shifting in your

seat, it won't be because of some MTV-level impatience, but a desire for more. More mad costumes on Bjork, more of the webbed feet and giant shells that show so much promise, more shots of the strange routines of the whaling ship workers, more art work within this work of art.

DR9 would be better suited to an art gallery where people can wander through a darkened, contained room and ingest it 10 minutes at a time. In glimpses it's intriguing, but in the cinema it's just out of place. Way off-base.

Anticipation... what does Bjork look like these days? These

Enjoyment... oh, did we also mention? See

In Retrospect... same Bjork hasn't aged at all... See

## THE SERPENT

DIRECTED BY  
Eric Rohmer  
STARRING  
Anne Dorval,  
Catherine, Hélène  
Rochefort

**The Serpent** could be seen as proof that the French love affair with film noir is alive and well. The story of a fashion photographer, Vincent (Jean Attal), whose life is torn apart by an old acquaintance with a grievous case of the elements that made that genre so attractive to the New Wave, the dark underbelly of business society, corruption, sex, revenge, betrayal and murder.

But while French filmmakers from Godard to Bresson have taken that most American genre and given it a French twist, there is something confused about *The Serpent*. Based on a novel



[Praeger] by the British writer Ted Lewis, the film not only looks but breathes like an Anglo-Saxon:

As the plot becomes increasingly unbelievable, loose ends are hastily tied and story gives way to Action Man. Otherwise, it's unclear if this is an

homage to American cinema or a showcase for American producers. That said, *The Serpent* is an occasionally effective and stylish piece of filmmaking, capturing both the gloss and grim of the best thrillers, and delivering the odd shock as well. James Bramble

REGIS ROBERTSON  
RANK: Three

ENJOYMENT: Three  
CATERS: Three

IN RETROSPECT:  
AMERICAN: Three

## RISE OF THE FOOT- SOLDIER

DIRECTED BY  
John Gilby  
STARRING  
Kool  
Heriot, Craig  
Furness, Richard  
Brember

REVIEWED  
BY STEPHEN  
MORSE

**From football hooligan to underworld enforcer.** *RISE OF THE FOOT-SOLDIER* follows the violent career of Carlton Leach, portrayed here as a hulking, pouting lump of chameleonic acrobacy. Coarsely told by Rico Hameir, an intrepid at the start measures the audience that what they are about to see is based on a true story, so all the future drug use and spittle-spattered use of the word "cunt" is made even more arresting by the fact that it, or something like it, might once have sort of happened. That's the plan, at least, and an over-eager soundtrack of punishment, mis-gamblers and deflating match-balls suggest director Julian Gilby is going all out to deliver a proper kick in the teeth.



The pitched battles between rival football thugs have been seen before but are shot with energy and relish, and the scenes of the West Ham cavalry swooping to rescue Leach and his mates from a Milan United locking up at sorts of guilty pleasure recipients. The transition to working as a bouncer provides more gore at close-quarters, while the move to

the navel scene and Leach's first pill are played for deaf laughs. Leach doesn't have charisma but he does at least provide a narrative thread, so when he staggers back from the violence and the story switches to two or three new lumps and their bloody express the whole derivative tale leaves its way and the boredom becomes terminal. Steve Nelson

ANTICIPATION: Another day late number's sticky underworld tale

ENJOYMENT: Hilarious  
CATERS: much other vehicle  
swearing: Two

IN RETROSPECT: *RISE OF THE FOOT-SOLDIER* is a tiresome and bloated genre one

# THE LOOKOUT

DIRECTED BY  
Kurtis Lee  
STARRING Joseph  
Gordon-Levitt,  
Matthew Goode,  
Jeff Daniels

REVIEWED BY  
JONATHAN LIEBMAN

## Without Joseph

Gordon-Levitt, *The Lookout* would be a jarringly mature and taut and downer that struggles for meaningful depth. Fortunately, the young actor's powerful performance gives the film an intensity it would otherwise have lacked.

Levitt plays Chino, a young athlete whose promising career is cut short by a car accident that leaves him mentally disabled. He is not a vegetable, but his inability to perform simple tasks or communicate with anyone save blind roommate Lewis (Jeff Daniels) leaves him lonely and frustrated. Their former schoolmate Gary (Matthew

Goode) invades into his life, offering Chino the chance to regain some of his former glory.

Scott Free's pedigree as a screenwriter is top-notch – *Out of Sight*, *Get Shorty* and *Minority Report* all come from his pen – but he has forced too many ideas into his directorial debut. It's an emotional drama, it's a revenge thriller, it's a heart movie, it's a buddy flick, and yet it's none of these things at all. Mixing genres is fine if the narrative is clear, but there are too many intertwining plot-lines and characters here to prevent the end ending from feeling anything other than confused.

Liev's performance, however, saves the film. It's a subtle portrayal of a young man alternately angry, sad and frightened that he can no longer make his brain work properly. A heartwarming moment comes when Chino confidently starts telling his bank manager boss he feels ready to be promoted from cleaner to teller, but falters halfway through as he cannot remember the script he has prepared. The genius is in the simplicity. Levitt's look of utter failure and self-pity as he has to reach for the script on his tray is hopelessly worth any number of stuttering verbal ticks. In his intensity, Levitt resembles

Ed Norton: let's hope that he doesn't fall into the same trap of redeeming average movies with transcendent performances. Like this one. *Don Stevens*

**Anticipation** An *As You* could easily threaten from the writer of *Out of Sight* remains promising. *Paul*

**Enjoyment** A killer opening and great work from Levitt, but where is it going? *Steve*

**In Retrospect** The mediocrity is made up for by the central performance. *Steve*



EXPIRED 10/07  
Matthew Vaughn  
DIRECTOR  
Tom Cruise, Diane  
Kruger, on sale

**You've got to admire** Matthew Vaughn. Not many directors would have walked away from *X-3* to take a punt on Neil Gaiman's *Stardust*, even if it is the kind of whimsical fantasy that's persistently begging to be re-imagined with some more magic.

Charlie Cox plays Tristran, a young Englishman in the backbiter village of Wull, the border between the real world and the magical realm of Lassimbeth. Here, the dying king sets his son a quest to decide who should succeed him, one that will pit them against a sisterhood of witches led by Michelle Pfeiffer's band of Flying pixies captained by Robert De Niro, and young Tristran himself, who has his own quest to fulfil to win the heart of local beauty Sienna Miller. The key to all their adventures is a star (Yvaine (Claire Danes), who has fallen to earth) thus lock-starting a proper kerfuffle.

You'll desperately want to believe in *Stardust*; that'll want to applaud its animation and admire its old-fashioned emphasis on story and character. You'll want to be swept up by its action and swept away by its romance.

You will, however, do none of these things, and no matter how much you admire the man, the blame for that is to be laid squarely at the door of Matthew Vaughn.

The first half-hour of *Stardust* is a catastrophe of poor story-telling that practically sinks the entire film. Naturally, you need to suspend your disbelief when dealing with parallel universes, nose-cracking ghouls and the unstopable rose of Ricky Gervais, but *Stardust* does nothing to earn its audience's trust. There are such



stunning gags in the film's internal logic that it's simply unconvincing to expect the audience not to ask questions.

For instance, why in the age of global expansion, has Britain failed to notice a magical realm on its doorstep? Or did they mistake it for Wales? Why did Tristran's man allow his dad to hop over the wall, knock her up and trigger off as if he's on some kind of fantastical stag do? Why are the Flying pixies bottling lightning? Why in this movie no utterly out of control?

Moreover, on the odd occasion that *Stardust* does establish some rules – like,

'Whenever Michelle Pfeiffer uses her powers, lo, she will age and that will be the occasion for hilarious eye-rolling and "Ahh, I'm so old!" gags' – it then fails. Free to turn his back on those rules whenever they start to hinder the dimmed potential of the plot.

After an hour or so being pelted-whipped into submission, you'll start to notice a kind of added superfection the film's best, Guillermo-esque visuals and the easy affectionate chemistry between Charlie Cox and Claire Danes that hints at what might have been.

Then Robert De Niro farts up in drag for a musical number and

you realize that you're watching Matthew Vaughn being jump off the A-List without a parachute, and you don't know whether to laugh or cry. Matt, Resheeta!

**ACTING**... Paul Bettany and Matthew Vaughn bring on the *pixiecess* Grade: B- **Fun**

**Enjoyment:** Oh no, we *hate* that! **Res**

**IN RETROSPECT:** *Wall* works for effects, *star* works for association – *Stardust* is brutally disappointing. **Res**



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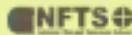
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Often referred to as

Chanel's 'Knight in Shining Armour', when Lagerfeld joined the label as chief executive of design in 1983 he lifted the fashion house from relative obscurity to global success story. But until recently he never discussed his private life in public, remaining to many a fashion enigma defined purely by his trademark white ponytail, severe collars, black shades and tabouret existence.

After two years of work, from over 200 hours of footage, director Radoslav Mirzorai presents the first up-close-and-personal portrait of the filmmaker. Meet Karl Lagerfeld the photographer and painter, the great lover of cinema, the book collector and art connoisseur. See him at home in his Parisian

**apartment** a magpie's treasure chest piled high with books, drawers stuffed full of papers and bowls overflowing with his signature rings.

Watson here sketches in private as his pen translates verbatim from his 'dreams' to the naked page with eloquence. Watch him move and great press men interact with concierge, flight reservations and staff with good humour and courtesy. First presenting his collection in the glass of the embalmed in relaxation in his Biltmore mansion, dining alone in his hotel suite to a photo-shoot with Nicole Kidman, Marconi leaves southern Jordan.

And Lagerfeld is a willing subject. He's unusually witty, responding with candor to questions about his private life, and offering views on the world

A man in a dark suit and sunglasses is leaning over a large stack of papers and books on a desk. He appears to be reviewing or organizing the documents. The setting is an office or study room with a lamp and a window in the background.

that are both astute and thought provoking. Irreducibly insatiable, he devours literature, film and painting, and insists he is only as good as his last collection. In short, this is an intimate and human portrayal of the man who has single-handedly kept Chanel the gold standard of design��標準。It's an inevitable, unmissable peek at the man behind the

卷之三十一

Participation in  
a knight who has  
a lesson for

### Enjoyment - Read & Relive

In Retrospect: Well  
how fashion maven  
smoking for weeks. Then

YELLA

DR. MICHAEL B. H.  
Christian Pfeiffer  
SWAP-F-BIG, Inc.  
Hans, Daniel J. B. (Hans),  
Hans, Hans Schleifer

卷之三

**If you've ever thought**  
that you're having a bad day,  
rest assured: Hello (Mine-House) =  
having a stinkin'. She's being  
stalked by her floundering ex-  
husband, Ben (Hennek  
Schonemann), the job she thought  
was hers isn't all its cracked up  
to be, and things are only going  
to get worse from here....

Yelle is an attractive, confident young German woman who finds herself financing a failed business concern in return for a large stake in the bankrupt company. It's a powerful issue in Germany that also arose in the last part of director Edgar Reitz's *Heimat* trilogy, as the corps of firms in the country's East are picked over by the still-affluent West.

#### The new order is

complicated by an odd psychic development, heralded by wind in the trees, a crackling cello and supernormal boom. And, if it has to end, Nelly's fate in men hardly improves, though there are moments of humour with new boss Philipp (David Strickland) that suggest a healthy future.

Director Christian Petzold is assured at the forefront between the apparently supernatural and the ultra-efficient business world, which he views in metallic greys and blues. If anything, the endless hotel corridors, muted car parks and office boardrooms are reminiscent of Laurent Cantet's *Entre les murs*.

The milieu might also be familiar from Dominik Mölf's *Lemming, the is Mittejungen*



of the early twenty-first century, all concrete and steel edifice with huge glass windows. In Petrich's eyes, —and ours— it all adds up to something rather special. *James Mills*

set past Miller's financial spreadsheets that hide surprises in this otherwise  
benign Abellier. That

INTERROGATION. German cinema is on a bit of a roll. These

In Retrospect—  
A haunting suspense drama which compares favorably with some of the best continental cinema. *Post*



## THE SINGER

ENRICO FERRI/SAATCHI & SAATCHI  
DIRECTED BY Gérard Depardieu  
PIÈCE DE FRÈRE, MATHIEU RAVASI

BY CLAUDIO

### Men in shiny shirts

plied their way through a screeching tone, old ladies wary in time to the music, and Gérard Depardieu pauses to announce that this week the tombola has been organised by the frenzied fell. It's a Baltic vision of the Phoenix Club, and whether he's helping his bulk between line dancing pensioners or visiting a beautiful younger woman, Depardieu stands tall with up with tender charm as the chesterfield and ageing man-about-Alain. The younger woman is Marion (Géraldine de Pheres), a colleague of Alain's estate agent friend Bruno (Mathieu Amalric), and after Alain and Marion spend a

drunken night together he sets out to win her heart.

The odds are clearly stacked against Alain, not only in his looks but also in his career as karaoke nights and Gus encroach on his territory. Gefest in the face of adversity however he continues in his quest, and it soon becomes clear that Marion needs Alain – or at least something like him – in her life.

Géraldine is careful not to reveal too much of his character: hisating at features that stand out rather than reveal the characters before us. A beautiful falsetto preens, there's never a sense that it's all going to be straight in the end, and when the

lovers hurt one another they must simply pick themselves up and carry on.

Many of the conversations between Alain and Marion take place in stark spaces – empty houses, a bright white kitchen or a bare dressing room – as Géraldini strips away social norms and common values to allow us to appreciate the unlikely lovers for exactly who they are.

Ultimately, however, pieces of the story are left just a little too opaque. For example, Marion's unreliability and infidelities are impossible to fathom, as is Alain's career, which sees him veering from an old people's home to a packed

house within what seems to be a couple of weeks. A tale of two misfits finding their own confused happiness, their motivation can be difficult to grasp at times, but *The Singer* remains an interesting and unusual love story. *Steve Watson*

Rating: 3 stars  
Running time: 100 mins  
Release date: 21 July 2006

Enjolras: offbeat, eccentric and small town France. There

In Retrospect... each, these French people are magnificus. *Tom*



## REPRISE

BY ANDREW

**DIRECTOR**  
Jørgen Trier  
**STARRING** Anders  
Dalsgaard, Espen  
Klouman-Helmer,  
Viktoria Winge

**Reprise** is one of those rare gems of a movie that strike up on you not so much with a bang as a whisper of sly induction.

Philip and Erik (Anders Dalsgaard and Espen Klouman-Helmer) are two would-be writers gripped by youthful ambition. As we meet them, they've just posted their first manuscripts to a publisher, and they're lost in a woody fantasy of future glory.

But their story will take a radical turn. Philip is never accepted and he becomes an overnight sensation, while Erik deals with a painful rejection. Then, in a dramatic about-

face, Philip's life spirals out of control as he struggles to deal with depression and the burden of fame. He shifts suddenly between inspiration and despair, from safe cage to the streets of Paris accompanied by his long-suffering girlfriend, Kar (Viktoria Winge), and the ghost of his friendship with Erik, who still toils back home.

This is a stunningly accomplished feature debut from Joachim Trier. What begins as a frenetic expression of pure energy and hip-hop cameras work becomes a sophisticated and bitterly poignant examination of youth, and the fragile nature of our dreams.

And yet this is no gloomy indie flick. Trier is a real filmmaker, too in love with the medium to inflict arty indifference and not interested in stuffing his frame with hipster friends. He artfully teases and absconds, and he's not afraid to state the complex ambivalence of real life right in the eye before punctuating the tension with a gag or two.

It's impossible to relate the anxiety or the passion in the performances of the three non-professional leads. Anders Dalsgaard is all gaunt cheekbones and haunted eyes, Espen Klouman-Helmer is a languidly charismatic

presence; while Viktoria Winge adds just the right amount of sugary sex. These are exciting times for them, and for fans of bold new voices too. **Matt Brushfield**

**REPRISE** (100 min.,  
Subtitled, **Scandinavian**,  
giving, R)

**Enjoyment** **Respectfully**  
**speculative** **filmmaking**  
**enriched** **by** **a** **harrowing**  
**dark** **of** **adolescent**  
**explorations** **Four**

**In Retrospect** **Has**  
**all** **the** **hallmarks** **of** **an**  
**enduring** **work** **Four**

# THE COUNTERFEITERS

DIRECTED BY Stefan Rappo  
STARRING Karl Malden, August  
Davies, David Warner

REVIEWED BY

**Holocaust films are,** for the most part, difficult. By the nature of celluloid, they're rendered on the same stuff as Hollywood gling, when every tear shed for Schindler is undone by a smirky one for Bremervorstadt.

It's simply hard to elicit raw emotions from an audience when we're so far removed from the agony, kicking back at the local multiplex, chomping popcorn while demanding the next new sensation. So when *The Counterfeiters* evokes a merciless

emotional response, it's as surprising as it is disturbing.

Salomon 'Sally' Bannertbach is a Jew and highly successful counterfeiter who is taken to the Sachsenhausen concentration camp where he's to lead a hand-picked group of prisoners assigned to forge the British and American currency on behalf of the Nazis. The prisoners are rewarded for their efforts by staying in the Golden Cage, a luxury area with beds, food, sanitation and the clothes of

**murdered Auschwitz inmates.**

It's as the men begin fighting over whether to comply and survive or sabotage the project for the greater good that *The Counterfeiters* creeps under your skin, forcing you to relate to Sally's guilty survival instinct while others behind the wall suffer.

The result is a film that all but ignores the usual wartime revolting, cheating or masses that we can relate to rather than the unimaginable horror of the gas chambers. But don't be

fooled, the view from the coveted seat of historical hindsight is by no means a pretty one. *Alex Caine*

REVIEWED 10.10.05  
RELEASER: BFI  
CUTTING: 96

ENJOYMENT: 8/10  
GUTTER: 8/10  
REINFORCING: 8/10  
REPLICATING: 9/10

IN RETROSPECT:  
REVOLTING, INHABITABLE,  
ILLUMINANT, FIER





## NO RESERVATIONS

DIRECTED BY Scott Hicks  
STARRING Penelope Cruz, Joaquin  
Arias, Joaquim, August Diehl



## ACROSS THE UNIVERSE

DIRECTED BY Julie Taymor  
STARRING Jim Sturgess, Evan  
Rachel Wood, Joe Alwyn

Welsh strumpet Catherine Zeta-Jones is Kate, an upright shot in an upturned joint, and the only woman in town to work grueling shifts in flawless make-up. However life is turned upside down when the death of her sister leads Kate with a young man (Maged Bawaf) and a new boyfriend (Aaron Eckhart). *No Reservations* is cynically targeted at Coors reading arheads who, ironically, need to be blinded for their own good. There's a war on, and you're either with the faceless studio whose spot-dealing clichés are an audience they hate, or you're on the side of real, honest cinema. Which is it? *No Reservations*

Part gritty drama, part 1960s musical, and part psychedelic puppet show, *Across the Universe* could have fallen flat. Instead, this hybrid from Julie Taymor is a qualified triumph. We follow Jim (Jim Sturgess) from his docked job in early 1960s Liverpool to counter-culture NYC, where he falls in love with Lucy (Evan Rachel Wood), a rich girl turned Vietnam War protestor. The characters communicate in part via a host of Beatles songs, which could have been cheesy – and occasionally is – but good casting and the wonderful strangeness of Taymor's vision makes this film a great fun. *David Martin*



## RUN, FAT BOY, RUN

DIRECTED BY Brad Silberling  
STARRING Julianne Moore, Hank  
Azaria, Tramaine Rutherford



## A FEW DAYS IN SEPTEMBER

DIRECTED BY Bertrand Blier  
STARRING Adèle Exarchopoulos, John  
Turturro, Nick Nolte

A heart-warming rom-com- about one man's struggle to win back his ex-wife with just the right balance of laughs and pathos along the way – this is not. A painfully unfunny cliché-fest following a worn-to-the-ground story arc with stilted dialogue, a load of insipid British comedy and shamelessly ripped off parts which both represent and in worse way responsible for, not only the worst of British cinema but everything that's wrong and evil in the world today from the crisis in Dior to the Spice Girls reunion – this is. Dylan Moran as the best friend is adequate. *Jonathan Winters*

This duff addition to the ever-expanding canon of shit movies sees Juliet Binoche shockingly miscast as a French secret agent who is asked to escort a son and daughter to visit their ex-CIA agent father (Nick Nolte) who turns out to be the blysches of a huge stock market conspiracy. Playing out at a sub-Luddite level the direction and performances never reach a quality where we are able to sympathise with the graveness of the situation at hand. John Turturro does single-handedly makes the film worth a peek as a poetry-reading assassin, but it's too little and too late. *David Martin*



## KENNY

DIRECTED BY Christophe Bruneau  
STARRING Kenny Powers,  
Kevin James, Jason Lee



## THE YACOUBIAN BUILDING

DIRECTED BY Mohamed Radwan  
STARRING Adel Emam, Aya  
El-Sawy, Youssra

**Kenny** is perfectly happy with his lot in life, covering the grimness of toil with the pride of a master craftsman. He's the consummate blue-collar slab, content with beer and beans—much to the chagrin of his snobbish brother and father who refers to his son as a "glorified fast-food burger". One expects, and is duly served, a large dose of scatological humour from Kenny, but it's far from a total stinkfest. Anyone who enjoyed BBC comedy *Arrested Development* will find much to like here. Those expecting *Cosbyville* duties with shot could be left cold. *Armen Govorov*

**The most expensive film ever produced in Egypt**, based on the novel by Dr Ihsa Al-Ansary, *The Yacoubian Building* is a thrilling exception to the rule that an abundance of cash always leads to empty art. The residents of its 1,000s tenement block offer an iron depiction of their numerous trials and tribulations, all of which play out under God's unforgiving gaze. But it's not just Middle-Easterners—the throbber music, constantly moving cameras and relentless, Ambio-tinged Waltz score ensure your eyes are glued to the screen throughout in a story that covers acres of thunders and emotional ground. *Geoff Jensen*



## DAY WATCH

DIRECTED BY Sergei Dvortsevoy  
STARRING Grigoryor Shvartsov,  
Masha Pechova, Valerii Illyushin



## MY NIKIFOR

DIRECTED BY Krystyna Feldman  
STARRING Krystyna Feldman,  
Sławomir Sulejko, Jerzy Stułajda

**The sequel** to vampire flick *Night Watch* is Timur Bekmambetov's fourth feature, but our Russian protagonist's (hopefully) intangible manner is still pointedly based upon his origins as a pop video director and shows few signs of reaching maturity: dances while past a tornado, toasting photocopier characters and all sorts of logo maulder. His schooling in the sub-kuron-murka artforms has ultimately constrained his directorial pace to the staccato rhythm of marketing media and lends this effort the feeling of a patchwork quilt of elements, part zombie, part vampire and all a pain in the neck. *Adam D'Souza*

**Hailed as one of the great Polish folk artists**, Nikitor is an elderly man (played by a woman, Krystyna Feldman) *nodded* with TÜ and absent of friends or family. Rescued for impaling himself upon various stakes to set up shop, he arrives at the doorstep of local artist Miron. While Nikitor's presence threatens his health and sanity, it's not enough to distract Miron from the artist's alluring genius. Luckily *My Nikitor* doesn't take a scenic tour of artistry through the Vaseline-angled lens of romancier, but for those of you unfamiliar with Poland's national treasures, it may be a struggle through coldly beautiful waters. *Albie Cole*



## SYNDROME AND A CENTURY

DIRECTED BY Apichatpong Weerasethakul  
STARRING Bodhi Konklae, Ma Phumsook, Jiraphakorn

REVIEWED  
By Mark  
Kittredge

Thai auteur Apichatpong Weerasethakul's latest is a richly rewarding hall-of-mirrors which comprises a series of vagrancies, stitched into a vast blanket of meandering dialogue and set in two provincial Thai hospitals. Incredibly juxtapositions abound, with the confines of the hospital off-set by the tropical idyll outside, and in names offering sly, offhand allusions to a Buddhist monk who is being kept awake with dreams about chickens. The film's gauzy atmosphere is served well by clinical, immaculately framed camerawork and an ambient soundtrack which continually bubbles underneath the surface. David Jenkins



## TWO DAYS IN PARIS

DIRECTED BY Julie Delpy  
STARRING Julie Delpy, Adam Goldberg, Daniel Stern

REVIEWED  
By Mark  
Kittredge

Julie Delpy returns to familiar themes in *Two Days in Paris*, the story of an American/French couple in the city of love. But the result is an unfamiliar film – a fan remember comedy done the European way. Delpy and Adam Goldberg are the bickering couple, stumbling around the city trying to figure out how to salvage their relationship from a two-year rut. It's lighter fare than perhaps it sounds, skipping along happily with just the right amount of pathos. Delpy struggled for years to get her first feature made, but on this basis she shouldn't have the same trouble again. Jonathan Wilson



## AS YOU LIKE IT

DIRECTED BY Kenneth Branagh  
STARRING Alfred Molina, Ewan McGregor, Judi Dench, Helen Mirren

REVIEWED  
By Mark  
Kittredge

Film number five in Kenneth Branagh's ongoing love-in with Shakespeare sees the actor/director relocate the comedy-of-errors to the mistimed climes of eighteenth-century Japan. Ewan McGregor spurns the role of Rosalind, the squirmed love interest of Orlando (David Oyelowo), who is forced to flee to the country and disguise herself as a man. With so many heterogeneities jockeying for position on screen, the munge of styles can be a little distracting. But when you have sumo-wrestling followed by flintstone worship, it's only to be expected. Steven Miers



## HALLAM FOE

DIRECTED BY David Mackenzie  
STARRING Jamie Bell, Sophie McLean, Connie Booth

REVIEWED  
By Mark  
Kittredge

With its David Shrigley-penned credit sequence and cool-as-fuck soundtrack, *Hallam Foe* is the kind of film that Mike Leigh might make if he'd received funding from the Sundance Foundation. Jamie Bell is unspooling as Hallam, a young teen convinced that his step-mother (Connie Booth) is after his father's fortune, so he heads to Edinburgh where he finds solace in a woman who is the exact double of his (deceased) maternal mum. On the plus side, there's some lovely location shooting in Edinburgh, but it would have been a markedly better film had it had chosen the road less travelled. David Jenkins



## SOMEONE ELSE

DIRECTED BY Col Spiegel  
STARRING Stephen Mangan,  
Lisa Banes, Alison Lohman

15 mins  
Comedy



## YEAR OF THE DOG

DIRECTED BY Mark White  
STARRING Linda Emond, Jennifer  
Love Hewitt, John C. Reilly

15 mins  
Comedy

This bittersweet British comedy in the Manhattan mould is a gentle showcase for the nuanced talent of up-and-coming director Col Spiegel. *Someone Else* offers a fascinating insight into the process of emotional break-up, tenderly side-slipping the whiney of Bridget Jones in its search for the cold, hard truth of the relationship game. Stephen Mangan (an actor who has made no many friends in his career with his role as Glay in *Dinner for Schmucks*) is superb as David, a jolting photographer who decides to throw caution to the wind and re-embrace the life of a swinging bachelor. Top stuff. **Col Spiegel**

There are three ways to depict human-canine relationships - wistful/romantic wholesomeness (Beethoven), buddy-cop ridiculousness (K9) and Ghephrey (Bobby-zeque mawkishness). Credit to Mike White, then, for exploring the subject with satire, poise and indie angstitude. Well, that's the theory. The reality runs thus: women loves beagle/beagle does woman has love to give, nearly gives to John C. Reilly, instead undergoes Zorn-like moments of histero-aggressionism. Though not without comic intent, *Year of the Dog* proves once again that man's best friend is anything but sincere. **Andrew Butterfield**



## RAZZLE DAZZLE

DIRECTED BY Damon Lindelof  
STARRING Sam Milby, Adrienne  
Kane, Anna Hall

15 mins  
Comedy



## TOUGH ENOUGH

DIRECTED BY Oliver Stokke  
STARRING David Kross, Jenny  
Harris (Borchgård), Esther Fries

15 mins  
Comedy

A satire of the ferocious world of kids' dance competitions, *Razzle Dazzle* owes something to the Christopher Guest school of visual wit, but far more to the ribaldine humour of *The Office*, whose style it closely resembles. Yes, the subject matter is fish-in-the-bowl, and the stock characters (pushy mom, research teacher) never achieve the dramatic pathos of real life (see *ITV* horror show *Body Farmhouse* for that) but *Razzle Dazzle* is charming fun and has a hit-tastic '80s soundtrack that just about makes up for the psychic disquiet of seeing pre-teen girls dressed as sex workers. **Matt Reeshead**

**Tough Enough** is the story of Polischka, a weedy teenage boy who moves out of the posh gaff of his mum's boyfriend and starts school in a rough neighbourhood of Berlin. In an attempt to survive the attentions of a happy-slapping gang of thugs, he hooks up with a pair of hoodlums and soon finds himself running drugs for the Turkish mob, with predictably dire consequences. Shot in gritty, muted-grey tones with some intense acting and a dark wit, this is something the German tourist board would prefer you not to see, but you owe it to yourself to check it out anyway. **Matthew**

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ROSEMOUNT WORKING MENS CLUB  
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chapter 5.  
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we discuss  
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its many

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mesmerising  
forms

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ISSUE 19 SEP/OCT 2006

PRICE

## Rock & Roll Lies

Youth & Movies

EDITED BY POP SVENGALI  
AND STYLE MASTER  
DAVEY 'BG' JENKINS  
AND DESIGNED BY  
PROFESSIONAL  
LOUIS WALSH LOOKALIKE  
BOBBY 'THE WALSH' LONGFLANK

# THE JACK OCTOPUS



NEIL GAIMAN  
POLY-MODERNIST'S MURK BLOCK

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEANNE LOPEZ

# JUSTIN SAYNO

With his black jeans, leather jacket and stringy beard, Neil Gaiman wouldn't look out of place riding ocean clouds on the deck of Starship's flying pirate ship.

As it is, he's more of a literary swordswallower, romping across the known boundaries of the comic book in *The Sandman*, reading the walls of BBC prime time with *Neverwhere*, and conquering Hollywood via adaptations (*Beowulf*) and original screenplays (*Dimension X*).

He's a novelist, too, and a pretty unswayed writer, of course, with a shelf full of Nebulas (un�ered) and Hugos (un�eredly impressive). *The Dictionary of National Biography* describes him as a "post-modernist", although he calls himself "a rock star", somebody who'll roll out from surprise to surprise in his work. But simply, Gaiman is a storyteller and one of the best we've got.

He made his name in the late '80s, long before Hollywood created comic books as a knock-off script shop. It wasn't exactly a movie success, but *Comics* have never had one of those, but it did give him a grounding in bookish cognoscenti. Gaiman is a non-halffish guy and that makes him a rarity in a world where writers are supposed to grow up and stop.

That's a trait that he shares with Alan Moore, who's first and probably his closest contemporary. Moore shares a similar mystique, only engorged, like a shamanic ritual with his dandruff hair and scary eyes. After practically rebelling the comic industry with *Watchmen*, he went on to write some of the defining works of the genre, including *From Hell*, *Faust* and *The League of Extraordinary Gentlemen*. Unlike Gaiman, however, he never strayed too far from the comic, and it's that consistency that might account for their differing perceptual issue of the same basic issue.

Moore is a vocal critic of the industry's treatment of his work – hardly surprising,

when you consider the credits. He publicly traded with producer Paul Silver during the production of *Faust* and, after being dragged into a room with Paul in which he was forced to defend the original *League of Extraordinary Gentlemen* from accusations of plagiarism, he declared that he would have been better treated had he "smoked and munched a handful of mentholated children after giving them heroin".

Gaiman has some sympathy for his plight (as the adaptation of *Extraordinary Gentlemen*, "I can manage about seven minutes before it starts burning enough that I actually have to go and do something else") but he's basically all confidence and fellowship.

As he explains, "Initially Alan's attitude was, 'If you want to go and make a movie, just give me a cheque.' I don't care! And I don't think it's possible to describe somebody who begins from an attitude of 'I don't care' as being ill-used. Because he didn't care, you know?" Steve Lloyd, the chairman of *Faust*, adds a sharp note when pressed by *The New York Times* about the decision to sell the rights in the first place: "We didn't do it intentionally," he said. "Neither myself nor Alan thought we were opening a window to a world of creators who would look after it like it was the *Beast* for Jesus."

Patience is something else of the last half a dozen years and it's what richens the mystique that people are more or less picking up on. Gaiman doesn't even the company itself his early stuff – *The Sandman* being a prime example – or why don't we have him shooting his mouth off in the media? "Partly I've been lucky," he admits. "There hasn't been really bad *Sandman* scripts which Warner Bros could have signed off on but, for me, it's like walking across a field of roses with handgrenades. You go, 'Okay, don't go there.'

That's easy to say when Gaiman brings

as own freedom and guarantees that aren't available to other writers. Rarely can people get dragged across the landscape whether they want to or not. "There are things that you can do," he asserts. "If you are about something that much, you put it in your fucking contract. It's not hard." And how does he do it? "They have no right to change if Hollywood puts all over their creation. You always have the right to say 'No'."

There again, such is the fickle nature of the movie industry that even if you do retain control of your work, there are no guarantees of a successful outcome. Gaiman may claim, "Say things that I control, it'll be no somebody making a crass movie," but the irony is all this is what *Watchmen*, the latest adaptation of his work, is, of course, deeply flawed.

But maybe that's not the point. It's not perfect but it is, at least, respectful of the original material. *Brooklyn*, it could have been for, for sure. Up to a dozen more could have been made under his nose, but Gaiman would just go on to sell more for somebody like turned down an offer from Disney and, at least, one unannounced screenwriter who saw it as a perfect movie vehicle – for her and her boyfriend.

In Gaiman may only rule the day and dreams of film business but he's not going to be giving up. He's bullish about romance of the terrible on the frontier of ("That's what we in the business technically call a lie, and that's not even me being polite, it's just bullshit") but it seems fair to say that, like Alan Moore, he would be in the queue for the opening weekend of Zack Snyder's *Watchmen* "but, then I've never had any interest in seeing a *Watchmen* movie. Not even back when they were talking about it and I was following up our panelized idea." Does panelized idea? "There's no idea." *Maleficent*?

See page 16 for the review of *Watchmen*.

# RETURN OF THE MAC

Using the internet to hone your script seems like a logical move for a vacuum action movie like *Under a Plane*. But what if you did the same for an eccentric little drama?

By the time you read these words, David Mackenzie's *Hollow* (to be released around the 2007 Edinburgh Film Festival) is in post-production and you'll be reading it on a computer screen. It's the story of a friendless boy played by Jamie Bell who dreams from his small Scottish dwelling where his mother died on a freak boating accident to Edinburgh where he's been up a path on a broken hand in a large hotel. With a few scenes of suspense and several one-syllable words, Mackenzie does well in delivering a sweet, natural and lovable film which also shows us a night through the dark quagmires of a city centre in all its gaudy glory.

Although, that's not quite true to the story... Unlike his previous films (which include 2001's *The Last Great Wilderness* and 2005's *Young Adam*), Mackenzie decided to go all *Under a Plane* as far as possible and put his script on the internet to gauge the reaction from the (if you'll excuse the term) "blogosphere." "The problem is, I've got a friend called Hugh MacLeod who's a blogger and I'd never ever let him see a draft," he says. Then chop and change loads of his convinced Mackenzie to allow a bunch of Keen (as they're called) who do whatever it takes to get the film made. "I was very reluctant to put it online. I had been a little bit sceptical when I finally uploaded it. You don't really know who's like

an audience are, but then when you look at who is actually downloading it and reading it, it's a very small, tight-knit community of hardened bloggers who have very strong opinions."

So what was the response? "They weren't all really that interesting to be honest. In fact, some of the comments were kind of hurtful because they were coming from these people who were really really not well informed about the kind of film I make. In the end, I just thought that it can't afford the enormous damage of ignorant people throwing their ideas at me on (post) though. 'It's had enough'." Talking to Mackenzie, with his other acclaimed yet ground-breaking, you get the impression that he is a filmmaker of the old school, and you can't really see him making the decisions to place his film on (yep) the Internet kind. "As Hugh has said to me – and he's right – the digital media do have a say in terms of what's happening in the industry. The problem for me is that I get the impression that the nature of blogging comes from people who value clear-cut opinions too highly and are not willing to take risks. We're living in a world where opinion is currency and, in the culture, it generates lots and lots of information out in the open. That's what's wrong with the Internet. Filmmakers have got to grow up and face the facts." *Under a Plane*





**EUGENE HÜTZ**  
HE'S THE HÜTZ-HÜTZ

# TOTALLY HÜTZ

Metamorphosed Ukrainian expat Eugene Hütz is a weird one. Born Eugene Katsalay, he was only 14 when Chernobyl exploded, and he was educated first in Italy and then to America to start over. Like in many US immigrants, he's on a quest to find a sense of authenticity back in Europe, but hasn't only a gauzy gypsy in his grandmother's role and she's been assimilated into mainstream Ukrainian culture. He doesn't speak Russian.

In the real world, Hütz is a successful fashion model, actor (he starred in Lars von Trier's *Everything Is Illuminated*), comic, granddad and founding father of gypsy-grunk band Gogol Bordello. He's also a bit of a heart-breaker. It's impressive that you know that, because you might just fall into the same trap that filmmaker Paul Fleischer did. You might even know it in part – from wearing nothing but skin tight trousers and gold-tashed gimp – since a

teenage home then never ate his agus. You might decide you had a 'misted connection' and your only incentive is to pay for his flight from New York to see you in Prague (and any other country he fancies) under the guise of making a wonky film about 'gypsy music'. You might, then, be shocked to find that he'll accept your offer – but bring his gafford along (and send food) to film for

you to eat. Fleischer's a whole movie (and a whole lot of money) to make. He was a modern day Rod Page, the kind of punk star you kick yourself for following. Fleischer even deigns to reward the end of a long day. He's too busy. Having Hütz in the living embodiment of the chicken soup gimp finish him. But it's not like he looks it.

Every Thursday, he DJs at the Bumgarner Bar in New York, where he's surrounded by girls in basic, cheek-skimming

kits at he spits gypsy duds. Equally, you'll see him attack an enraptured audience despite having deeply unfathomable felti songs on the crackling stereo screen, as in Fleischer's film. Kevin sinks his teeth up with a broken guitar and very British film crew in an enclosed gypsy camp in the Ukraine, you can almost see the 'subversive' pupils carry out little lessons, Country Town style.

And Hütz is like a cartoon. So when he appears in the format alongside with poster-perfect hand-labor aristocrats and soaring New World chomps, it's any wonder people can't approach the camera, asking in unison, "Did he really come from Israel? Take me back with you?" He, of course, doesn't mind them, but only because the tour crowd before always means an *Booga Booga*.

The *Paul Page* of *Everything Is Illuminated* is available on DVD from *Optimum*.

ADAM SMITH

HE WHO KNOWS NO PREDICTION ON HIS LIFE



**Adam Smith** has directed videos for the likes of The Strokes and Jessie T. Upton with The Chemical Brothers, made documentaries about MCs and DJs, helmed the live episodes of Channel 4's *Blitz*, and is now gearing up to release his first feature film. He did not, however, write *The Wealth of Nations*.

We caught up with Mr Smith for a chat in London's Soho and were delighted to discover that he's one of life's good guys. We could see him following his work, instead, on to ramify being someone's mentor to less than stars.

**3. He ran away from college** Smith actually started off at the London College of Printing. They wanted him to make posters. Instead, he wanted to do more music. "I left after two years. Most of the courses I ran off with a book and some theory," he says. "Well... and... actually

**4. He's an honorary Chemical Brother** Smith's friends for *Blitz* and *It's a Part of Smith's* "heritage and history." Not only did he host

ME THE CAPITAL 1000

no tour with them (in Japan) as you and "Gropupian Enterprises" but he'll be behind the perver show for their gig at Trifidger Space on September 5.

**5. He had an epiphany in Canada's Banffhouse** A short, long event in itself for bands, events "and spinning (your) own" come to a close and in north London with a show for L'Oréal. "I spent two weeks making slides saying 'Because you can be whatever you want to be.' The epiphany came... hell, I don't want to be doing that."

**6. He served as "Noah"** The L'Oréal was the last gig with Smith, rounding up a man who ran an intriguing club. "They were all English but spent their time narrating the *Tatami Way*, in Sans. I just thought, 'That's the film in itself.' We had to get dressed up as a disastrous crew of the time for them to treat us. If someone wasn't wearing the right and repairs they were sent home."

**5. He likes meat that talks** Working with

Whey fed to Smith, covering game before saying the last own kind of a... "I liked the fact that all these MCs were talking about their meat as if they was part. I want to shit your mother, hold up your brother and put him in a garage."

**6. He's unusually enthusiastic about what he does** "When covering skin I've never had a better and a cleaner, will succeed in creating a festive with flesh and meat to use everything from skin to super it to create something good or necessary. All we're going to, Casting, which are... *Meat Is Life*."

**7. He's making a film with Whey** It's still early days but we can reveal that he's working with a boxer and a dancer, will succeed in creating a festive with flesh and meat to use everything from skin to super it to create something good or necessary. All we're going to, Casting, which are... *Meat Is Life*."

*See Adam's images in the Chemical Brothers' *Reproducer* issue. *Blitz* is out on DVD on September 26.*

# ADAM OF ALL TRADES



# HELL'S GROUND

A modest mobile swing interview and five other unforgettable sights from *Omar Kaka*, director of *Zimbistán*.

There's "guerrilla film making," and then there's making movies in a city where the last civilian you meet is the ground by Islamic extremists in the height of an anti-muslim and daring an outbreak of drug-free. *Omar El Kaka*, director of Pakistan's first ever music flick, *Zimbistán*, makes the *Alcatraz* of his own dead like a bunch of little goblins in a fun party.

At its peak in the '60s and '70s, the Lahore-based Elka industry, or "Hollywood" as it's known, filled cameras with a combination of anti-Western rants and good-natured drama. Since then, however, the election of a Taliban-style government in the north-western area of Pakistan, plus an influx of parallel Hollywood films, has all but ground the local industry to a halt. Hopefully, much has won't be the only long 20th-century brings back in life.

With ends to *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* and its "horrorplasmatic" preference, a roll of five teenagers who are attacked by undead vultures on these

ways to a rock concert. Packed with culture clash moments, it's an exhilarating, apocalyptic garden and you political education in one. Here's a few addles you're unlikely to see again.

#### People Eating Raw Sheep Interview

"The same butcher shop was brought to the set," says Kaka, with the infattingly COI-free glee. "All the machines were changing we real, crazy interview." Kaka's experience bleeding all-around set crew at his cafe chain also paid off. "The whole dad come in bloody here and there."

#### A Polar Bear That's Also A Crime Scene

Zimbistán scenes aren't usually rated for their violence, but no warthog-like minor were Zimbistán's till that a real life murderer enough than farts stamping ground. "The police found two corporal the day after we finished shooting," reveals Kaka. "We never found out who was responsible."

#### The Return of Hollywood Legend Elka

Convincing Pakistan's answer to Christopher Lee to return to the screen after a 31-year absence was quite a coup for Kaka. But

you can't be Discalce in the 1967 Pakistan forever classic *The Living Corpse*. Elka plays a creepy ten-year-old in *Zimbistán*. "The whole village had got killed, caused to eat the meat," says Elka. "Elka did his voice they have an spontaneous applause."

#### An Unkind Blonde Bunchkoff

"People have accused Buba Ghattas of being a fake blonde," says Elka of the big-past actor who plays a particularly striking assassin. "Come and see that is front of the guy and tell me if you are in the spa."

#### A Serial Killer Is A Burkha

"All the best killer movies had masked killers," explains Elka. "It works for me as an addition to the terrorist and the Leatherheads." And as for any personal come-reverie? "I've had people in high come up to me and say they copied the film. There's no original of Islam. The underlying message is in fact that the good Muslim girl is preferred." *Elke Kjær*

For information on upcoming screenings of *Zimbistán* (Elka's version) visit [www.zimbistan.com](http://www.zimbistan.com)

Trapping Paul is one thing, but I saw realize that writing a first character such a hawkeye-like snuff film is tantamount to reading Paul an embossed dinner invitation, complete with free seat and a complimentary pyramid of *Farces* Rehearsals.

After a hawkeye casting session at Hollywood HQ — the highlight of which was an unscripted sighting of the legendary Grange Hall school busboy — we weren't in the mood to dole out to assembling the core of our dream. Fortunately a chance encounter with a member of comedy group *The Gourds* (consists of Radio 4 and BBC 3 fame) alleviated us from a dead stock of generally up-leading men.

With everything set for a May shoot, I shouldn't have been surprised to get a phone call in April with the news that our newfound lead had suffered an horrendous shattering with a pair of pliers, resulting in a compound fracture of his elbow. It's not easy to throw yourself into a part involving the use of cutlasses

when your right arm is buried to the hilt in plaster of Paris.

By now Paul was frantically reeling off all over our production plan. This was an act lost on me when, while playing football a few weeks back, my ex-producer Steve shattered his ankle and I was struck by a moment of profound disbelief. With one collaborator unable to use a sword and another incapable of getting around without them, it looked like things couldn't get a lot worse for the remaining members of the cast.

That's again, as any director will tell you, subtlety: everything is the film-making process. It was clearly meant to be, then, that I should complete our project's hot-rock of a dialogue by reassembling us in my tiny room and finding myself in hospital five weeks of immobilization and unnecessary surgery. Unenergyed, blocking out the nightfall 15 days later, with an aperitif from the local charreria, I was reduced, like the, and newly psychiatric, shooting script to work

from *Twinkie 4012*. Never strings a rodent while on a swigpling drip.

I'd like to repeat that my determination was to complete the shoot on schedule was unaffected by the fact that our production team was qualified for NHS Benefit Stolen. Unfortunately, short of hiring a fleet of gurus to whom the cast and crew said this is, the prospect of a May shoot was a cardinal impossibility. On the plus side, our entirely healthy company managed to deliver a hot track several weeks ahead of schedule, leaving us in the banner position of publishing a soundtrack before losing a single reel of either to import.

Still, there's nothing quite like doing things differently and with a bit of elbow room space to do them. This weekend presents something just as long as our location hasn't been moved to the ground by a stampeding horde of newly-awakened doctors, there's even talk that we'll be in the role more by Christmas. Ho ho ho. *Amélie*.

**HAMBURG**

Hamburg may be a shadow of its former self, its stereotypes displaced by sag eagles, but it still retains the sort of artistic vibrance that reveals Shoreshield's true find holocaust for the sham it is. *Wifredo Blasberg's* International Film Festival, low key, proudly alternative and unique. Whereas other festivals promote individual shorts, Hamburg pushes whole programmes against each other. Prints from the Lektorate compete with disturbing and hilarious archive footage (such as 1950's *A Business Speaks into the Photographic*), shots of macroscopic scientific phenomena set to electronics, and grimy documentaries on the lot of the worker worldwide.

The festival's main programme of 140 shorts were divided into German, International, and No Budget categories. While the speaker was unable to distinguish by far the best programme was No Budget which included a frenetic selection of gay-slasher experiments and the amateur *Rambo*, an Iranian film about a blind man who uses a bycicle to record his recordings. Whether they may have driven many into the audience simply for the no conditions, but they had good reason to stay. *Roundly*



# BRITDOC TWO THOUSAND AND SEVEN

The 2007 Britdoc festival, *digged in* since 1992 and took place between July 25-27 beneath the somewhat damp but still stunning spires of Oxford.

The "industry" flavour of the festival among the bigger crowds and buzz were given by the networking and financing forums, especially a freebie version of *Dragon's Den*. Twelve plucky would-be filmmakers pitched their ideas to an international panel of funders and decision-makers, watched by delegates packed into the University's ancient Sheldonian Theatre. The founder of the website [www.sayyourebooked.net](http://www.sayyourebooked.net) had the heat-coasters increasing as the commercial possibilities of her documentary idea and won cold, "Get yourself to Hollywood and get yourself a agent, this is your retirement fund!" The winner of the prize for the best pitch, a trademark part of work (£1000 in notes), was Paul Berceller with a forthcoming project about murder, conspiracy and the CIA, named *Through Their Bloody Eyes* (allegedly so that the shocking tale didn't finally kill off Ingmar Bergman's *Death of a Salesman*).

The emphasis on deal-making shouldn't imply the films themselves were forgettable, a reasonably diverse selection of the best of recent documentaries was screened.

*After Watchmen* (top) directed by Bob Tan and produced by Morgan

Spender was a film as high-spirited and frantic as its subject matter – the moment of the self-styled Reverend Billy and the Church of No Higher Power to save the American public from their language, like Christians rock down to the Mall and off into delirium.

Bravely reining in the temptation to buy an iMac or laptop was Alexander Landau's *Centra*. When the indigent can dole out Eve Mavrakis, to whom Landau had been given unsupervised access, paid off her epoch-making victory in Bulgaria's presidential elections, the filmmaker may have considered using his footage to create a run-of-the-mill triumph of the underdog basic. Instead, Landau went home and produced a balanced and insightful portrait. *Centra* is both the characters that people can see from a remove, greater than the characters themselves, and the characters themselves that could lead to another dictatorship.

*The Devil Came on Horseback* was the unmissable prize. Director Jane Campion and Kristin Scott Thomas documented the carnage of the Darfur crisis with heart-rending compassion using a thousand of images stolen from a military satellite with the African tribes whose "accus all your" role had made him a place no journalist could reach. The winner of the British competition, *Birds of a Feather, Let Me Go* directed by Kim



Longmore, was about Mulberry Bush, a school for children deemed beyond help by their institutions.

Our personal favourite, *The Missing Problem and Order* from our only six-awards winner, Director Andrey Panteleev allows your impression of the rural Bulgarian town of Belitsa to develop slowly as you absorb the urban and rural landscapes and idiosyncratic range of talkers of local or near-cluttering, among them other. Gradually, the feeling grows that this is a leader, with an idiosyncratic indeterminacy pointing far the opening of the local power station and observing about its impacts, might be plagued by more rural illiteracy and human sandbank by just at every level of the film, notably, in the horrific depiction of a daughter abusing the passing of her mother (who turns out to be a car attraction camp participant of murder), and in the closing shot of children meandering on foot and bicycle through gorgous, billowing, costume-woman clouds of toxic smoke code pouring from the back of the municipal hospital truck.

Berlin offers a fascinating angle onto the whole process of documentary film-making. We're already planning a pitch for our search on the desk of next year's director, *Jonas River*.



# FROM SARAJEVO TO VENICE

Things have got a little easier since the Sarajevo Film Festival's inaugural year. Back in 1995, festival director Mirsad Pajevic risked life and limb to smuggle a copy of *Pulp Fiction* through enemy lines. Twelve years on, film tourists are starting to pour in but Europe's indomitable spirit remains a refreshing departure from the bloodied excesses of Cannes, with its plastic surgery, pretension and PR mania. Even if you can't picture Jerry Bruckheimer presenting his new movie by donning a tattered bullet-studded leather jacket and black baseball cap, as he did at that year's jolly on the Côte d'Azur.

But as far as us, as world beaters in growing an audience on the festival's adventures to find a cultural resonance in the city. One year-round narrative thread is a mobile camera to tour outlying villages, while children enjoy their own mini-festivals in the mountains, celebrating ice-cream vanadas and dominoes tournaments. After a well-received screening of *Lowkey*, Serbia's

of Defenders' first flick in 2001, director Idriz Balberber found himself in the unusual position of being more interesting to a group of young people than the huge bunch of paparazzi closed around the interview room.

The year's formalized journey lesson ride on the mind of jury President, while upcoming filmmakers from across the region share screen time with the likes of Quo vadis, Homo? (Perzival, Goran Bregović's) and last year's 2½ and Cannes Palme d'Or winner 4 Months, 3 Weeks and 2 Days. Given Sarajevo's undashable shadiness in Biograd against the odds, don't be surprised if Mirsad Pajevic pulls off an unheralded screening of Tarantino's *Django* at the last.

With the Sarajevo festival closing on August 15, the local film fests have a little less than a week to bathe in in December, hop a few flights up the Croatian coast towards Split, and then take an overnight ferry to Chioggia, Venice's Mostra Internazionale d'Arte. Competition takes place a little

way down the coast and is a short-wrist affair, overlapping with opening day releases. Just try to get there before the all-film-the-winter of Tarkovsky ends the world's most atmospheric floating season.

In the pecking order of European film festivals, Venice is second only to Cannes, both in terms of glamour (and, given the vagueness of movie fest), and the profile of the films on offer. Big credits scheduled for this year include an opening night screening of Jim Jarmusch's *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, Andrew Dominik's anguilar *Reservoir Dogs*, and John Ford's *The Searchers* (Robert Redford, as well as a return from Kim Novak, dag Lee and Wes Anderson). Just remember that it also encompasses 2007's effort to maintain these feelings about the film as a share, of previous runs to high as they did during last year's screenings of *World Trade Center* and *The Passion* (where there was an unusual sense of quiet back then), you'd be well advised to pack your body armour along with the sun cream. *Malte*

RODNEY BROWN SHORTS & INDEPENDENCE PREVIEW  
**FILM FESTIVAL**

# GOL RUSH

London's Duke Cinema has announced for this autumn long of an industry bonfire, a multifaceted programme of special events and media types designed to knock back free beer and talk over some short films. No longer. The young Londoners embraced the variety of talent in the three film sets or like no other, reaching out to odd formats such as *Blowing People*, *Encounters*, *Strangle 3*, *Cobain*, *Vision* and *Dread*, and giving them wings on an long, expensive, childlike wings. The festival offered free clinics on *Blowing*, *pitching*, *handing* and *promoting*, in addition to networking events and a panel of screening. An approach that can only benefit the festival's candidates in a market where the festival's and distribution of short film used to be increasingly passing doors. Here's to a growing film strength in strength in that spirit. *James Runcie*

*Rodney Brown* runs from 10/10-25 - *August 3* in London's *Duke*.

# DANCING IN THE RAIN

Residence has long been the most rock 'n' roll of the country's main film festivals, championing independent filmmaking as most of how rough and ready. This year it formalises that marriage by adding pants-punk luminaries Iggy Pop and Mick Jagger to a party which has previously featured Lou Reed and Morrissey. Other parties include dancings of last year's *Sex and the City*, *Andrea Arnold* and *Bert Cammarata*, *Erica Toller*.

As well as showing independent films

from around the world, the festival will host the usual array of special events including masterclasses, Q&A sessions with industry professionals, an renowned packing event and one-off versions of the causes they run year-round. In 2006, the festival showcased over 90 features and 180 shorts from over 40 countries, attracting in excess of 10,000 people. *James Runcie*

*Residence* will take place from 19 October-25 - October - *in London's Brixton*.



PHOTOGRAPH: DAVID FERGUSON

GENRE SPECIAL

BY JONATHAN ALLEN



# GENRE SPECIFIC VANILLA EPIC: THE ICE CREAM GENRE

In the episode Blazingdale's own of *Batigotcha, Zooma and Happy Fort* where a man disposed to the dissatisfaction of his son Kara's "sick" ice cream, based on *The Third Man*. An odd choice, perhaps, but the notion of pub wine pair reveals incidents of childhoods informed by drug-a-ling discourses from the *Death of the Bachelor* movie in an off-key 'British Comedy' Picnic that has the snappy rhyme all the charge of that *West* gunning on *Applause*.

For filmmakers, the ice cream man and his frigid world was never going to rock the amphitheater, but the bourgeois history of the long prelude of satire conquering karate is ripe for subversion. The truly inventive vanilla epic defies expectation and is destined to gain on the imitation of the ice cream as a whole cinematic education in a type with Trevor Beckle's slow-burning rage. They are willing, in other words, to confront *Death's* *Lonely* *Van*.

Opposed, the Greek chorus of Jim Jarmusch's *Dead Dog* (1995), enjoys a kind of Gallic whimsy to be observed the life of Forrest Whitaker's modern day faunus from the Olympian memory of karate. He is of the world and yet apart from it by virtue of three remarkable ingredients: shabby windows, kind of the pseudo-mystical, basically oily conceit of the movie, and, if possible, a calm creature. The fact that he speaks an English and with precision like ice cream would closely be a problem in the real world, but in Jarmusch's mythical landscape he remains a philosopher, freed from earthly bounds by his conceptual

His interior monologue in Steve Buscemi's *Tommy*, the struggle-motivated lover of *Green Lounge* (1990), for whom paddling the cold stuff on a sunnily's ice cream stand offers his only show w/ freedom. Sadly, all is underscores him to a pre-fixed & judgmental Gérard Depardieu, although in Buscemi's w/ smile effort, the for ever his 'Not Bad' on the monologue.

In the reverse of the trailer lounge, Tommy was a great lover, one of the best. But as an ice cream vendor contemplating a necessary break up with his long and now girlfriend's little sister, it's impossible not to feel that his ice cream has reached a nadir. Whatever the movie's intention, the reality – and the lie – is in the bar scenes, successfully capturing the moment when the sense of cheeky longing overcomes last scenes with nearby daydream drinking tops were into a belabored and vacuous (tangled with nervousness) a dominoing combination in anyone's book.

In 1994's *Confetti and Joy*, Bill Forsyth surrendered to the laws of the *Comme à sa gout*, with Bill 'Weyman' Patterson cast as a man

in a mid-life crisis tasting paddles to his mama, house and career before a chance encounter with an ice cream selling time gives him something to live for. The plot was right there as his disruptor, for Forsyth's quirky here a hand in mouth. Describing it as "that movie" would probably be a compliment to the director's whisky-addled brain, but this was based around a small event a surf w/ an Glasgow's ice cream van owner that evoked from pack-a-holiday memories as an across a track. Needless to say, the freedom is anathema.

Among all this lonely souls searching, *Ice Cream Man* (1991) walks out, and not just for its inauspicious participation of *Gladiator* and *Grease* style kiddie derivative. Nor is it simply the casting of game-faced Clark Howard, whose previous career here was alongside Scott Bakula in the short-lived TV spin-off of *Galaxy class* show. It follows a man's role in the original movie star by his brother Ray. Rather, *Ice Cream Man* has this every week notion of spontaneity and explores the man prepared for evil by men to whom the young and innocent willingly flock. Drifting cloud boys and dippings like rats his problem, the damaged Gregory paddles his woes through a Spaghetti westerns, rocking chair for warming a nosh bar on his fireman's vestier as a childlike chewing look with comes until they die in a variety of terrible but constantly gleeful, relate ways.

The range/bounding presence of Oliver Bluster and David Warner after the inexplicable presence of one character who is clearly intended to be the gang's shaggy guy 'the kid', but who is played by a pencil-necked boy with a lot of paddling under his pectoral. Despite director Norman Jewison's insistence on *Perception* that he was pushing boundaries – "This movie is unique because it's for kids" – the film ultimately does not fit. For Norman, his family and the monologue was over, and so after ego Paul Newman he returned to the lounge flicks he knew best, although at time of press *Green Lounge* hasn't won any awards either. *Paul* *Surfing*?

## SEE ALSO...

### ICE CREAM IN ALEX

For America's dry states, J. Lee Thompson evokes the climactic doublet notion of his desert war classic, *Ice Cold in Alex*, in a snatched up Mach Shepp with Knuckleduster Glories. After *Stokes*, actor John Mills had a terrible ice cream headache.

# DVD REVIEWS

SHINY DISCS PLICKED WITH MORE GOODNESS

# DVD

THIS IS SHANE MEADOWS'

BOX SET (1987-2005)

DIR: SHANE MEADOWS

AVAILABLE: SEPTEMBER 3

Before Paddy Chayefsky (or whatever) made up the word "cheer", Shane Meadows made his first film, *Twenty-Five-Five*, full of them. That was 1997 and Rauli Beach cameras from had a real reason to celebrate. A decade later Meadows goes them another, the post-punk, *Shame*. This is England, which shall not be named as we're at the top of the box office charts. Most-wig, he goes on two more, *A Room for Romeo Jupiter* (1999) and *Dead Man's Shoes* (2004).

Mostly set in council estates, his films are checks with three. Their location characters are marked by their hooded caps, sharp-pointed noses (Gangster, Mafia, Gang), cracked-up longhairs and skewed Bradford accents. They hang out in bars, smoke, tremble over the last few smug drags and then, when going on holiday, to Bredonshire. They don't have jobs, make bad sex decisions and are looking for someone to blame. Their lauded opinions include the Tories, immigrants, drug addicts, etc.

Despite winning 'Best Film' on its sheets (black and white, voice and narration to provide backstory, those smug budgets), *Twenty-Five-Five* is still one hell of a debut. With a deep, resonant, there's no romance between the rugged, predominantly male cast, more reminiscent of a play than a film. There's a reason why you feel like are your own dad being beaten when Meadows' men violence the inevitable brawling as Bob Blackman's housing committee — even those in the room, his talent for creating human characters is unbroken. Check out, *Three Days for Young People* — a satiric sitcom he's been writing (but not directing) since 1990. It's a hell of a ride.

In *A Room For Romeo Jupiter*, Christian returns to play the world's worst dad. An ex-army loan, Merci, he has found two posh new boys in town and of their wives. Completely ill equipped to deal with reputation, he does his best to distract some loves while Frank Whaley plays a Jimmy Page-style father in heat, breaking stuff.

In his much-bombed-to-the-sophomore-wrecker, Meadows offers up a full English thriller, *Dead Man's Shoes*. Again starring Christian in a kind of Clint Eastwood hardman, you can forget all about Meadows's *Sex, Lies & Truth* as *The Attic* (the former certainly had) and with this an expert fit, great soundtrack (less but not least, The Clash) comes with a whole TDF of expert. Christian can't smile behind the ocean frontage of small houses, 10 year old human and the last kid getting his first shank. More George Hales.



**REAL OUTLAWS (2007)****DIR: PETER CRYSTAL****AVAILABLE: NOW**

The film would do well to do what it does best: highlight the shocking social violence that plagues the mass media of Britain, thus warranting the brave individuals who tackle this spoliation by taking the law into their own hands. What it actually delivers is a stilted monologue from a belligerent and profane off-air, a cagewoman, and a hotheaded, overactive mixture of authority and fear for host Alan Ford (Davies, *Lock Stock*), and seemingly endless CCTV footage of people bickering the day out of each other. Quite why this rat-chinned Fox nut was deemed worthy of a DVD release is anyone's guess. *Paul O'Gallagher*

**JACQUES BECKER CLASSICS:****CASQUE D'OR (1952)****TOUCHÉ PAS AU GIBOUE (1954)****LE TROU (1959)****DIR: JACQUES BECKER****AVAILABLE: NOW**

This Jacques Becker cult, as well known as he deserves, should be endorsed by the *Cinéphiles* DVD releases of these beautiful masterpieces. It may be that his work feels frostily formal, but a closer look immediately refutes any misconception. *Touché pas au Giboüe* ('Night off the Town') was his influence on Jean-Pierre Melville's *Le Doulos* (1962), and his *Le Trou* (in fact, in its original, gangsterish planning, his *Coronation Drama* *France 3000* (1958) contains Georges Lautner and Serge Reggiani from *Max Ophüls' La Ronde* (1930)) for a tale of doomed love among Petty 'spudie' hoodlums. And Becker's final film, *Le Trou*, memorably depicts the monotony of prison life and a planned escape, much like Robert Bresson's equally monolithic *A Man Escaped* (1956). All these pictures, distinct, idiosyncratic and yet perfectly intertwined, will of themselves close up, prepared by Becker's own memoir, *Jean Becker*. *John Ralston*

**THE CONTRACT (2006)****DIR: BRUCE BERESFORD****AVAILABLE: NOW**

In which John Cusack and Morgan Freeman play their parts all over a mega-mass turkey. Cusack plays Gabe Kaine, a damaged ex-cop who teams up with his ex-wife (Naomi Watts) to kidnap his son by taking him along, only to have his Hallmark-movie subplot when they stumble upon Frank Costello, an escaped convict played by Freeman. Kaine is condemned to rotaria, Costello to police custody, if only they could find their way out of the woods. *Part 3: The River Wild* with a dash of *Deliverance*, the lastest hicks link the camp set of the former to the genuine terror of the latter. Freeman is more grand grandpa than convincingly dimwitted killer, which isn't helped by a laboured script that forces a car-and-movie game about smile-and-sad intermissions. *Henry Brown*

**ILLIC (1993)****DIR: DEREK JARMAN****AVAILABLE: NOW**

The last film by the late, great British auteur Derek Jarman is a progressively more-grotesque affair. Against a plain blue screen, the director's expression of AIDS is relieved by several daffy scenes, whilst an eclectic score ensures that the general mood of unease, cheerlessness is punctuated with moments of elation. The concept of a black-and-white string of images for Jarman's 'cinematograph' may sound obvious and huffy handed, but the experience is shot to sublimating the monotony of that truly remarkable score. Judged to an even on this DVD release a *Glorydog*, a fascinating document of Jarman's life and times assembled from 18 years' worth of import-filmage *real* filmlogies.



**10TH & WOLF (2005)**

DIR: ROBERT MORESCO

AVAILABLE: NOW

A group of Italian-American childhood friends led by a charming scampish (Giovanni Ribisi) crook, only to find that their drug-dealing street-life cloaks with the previous generation's Old Country ways. *Manuale* one of these moulds (James Marsters' way out of his depth) has been compromised by the cops and sent out as the people he's come to love as family. Sternness abounds — at one point, a dinner party is stopped to allow one of the diners to wag some spanks, and it all ends with a highly improbable act of vengeance by a dying man with a gun. To be kind with all due respect, *Wolf* is a magnetized boomer in the cash and ever-growing excess of a gorging nation that has lit both TF and movie screens. It's either that or complete cap-off. *Stay home*.

**FAST FOOD NATION (2006)**

DIR: RICHARD Linklater

AVAILABLE: NOW

Like the head of an unemployed scientist, the Richard Linklater adaptation of Eric Schlosser's criticism of food industry expand in full of ideas, but ultimately doesn't work. Leaving aside the former decision to dramatize a non-fiction book which could have made a compelling documentary, the film isn't helped by a creaking subject which is marginally less abhorrent than a Jenny Clarkston column on climate change. Any guess as to what will happen to the two wide-eyed, idealistic workers who pass a satirized supermarket on their first day of work at the factory, poorly-regulated and packed full of 'fame'? Yet, the film's earnestly didactic tone is flexible — look, give us a premise against irresponsible multinational food producers and we'll take it. Just please don't make us watch *Fast Food Nation* again and again.

**HAXAN — WITCHCRAFT THROUGH THE AGES (1922)**

DIR: BENJAMIN CHRISTENSEN

AVAILABLE: SEPTEMBER 24

When originally released in 1922, this part-dreamlike documentary on the practice of witchcraft and exorcism in the middle ages certainly ended the career of director Benjamin Christensen. Dark representations of zooms, wyrches and torture shot through blood red film promised far too much of a sinister subject matter for cinema's early audiences. Re-released in that week William Burroughs' semi-experimental *Ubu Roi* (a something-cross-gods-pastry by John Lee Hooker, the gorilla became a beautiful addition on the side of religious belief and the understanding of sexual desire, and has since found favour with modern audiences). While a documentary at its core, *Haxan* is as much of the purveyors and consumers for horror flicks and remains a chilling tool of cinematic representations of evil and human suffering along *Don't Be Afraid*.

**HALF NELSON (2006)**

DIR: RYAN FLECK

AVAILABLE: SEPTEMBER 24

Director Ryan Fleck and star Ryan Gosling compare to pool over a high school drama that might just be the most honest treatment of drugs, youth and ones own living for a long, long time. Brilliantly capturing the nature of the friendship, while teaching Gosling plays straight as partner Dan Dravos, who takes up an unusual and gloriously antiheroic relationship with 11 year old Drity (Kiersey Clemons) after she catches him snacking crack in the bathroom. What follows is an intricately worked, multi-faceted drama that plots no sugar lies between pedo-clichés, ghetto parenting and drug use but frenzies. Check the look as Lippie (Lindsey Gering) eyes when they end up on either side of a double u-shaped, beautiful stuff. *TFD* scores an accumulation of no points, but Fleck is going to wear his film to come fully loaded. *André* students



INLAND EMPIRE (2006)

DIR: DAVID LYNCH

AVAILABLE: NOW

Before making *Bluebeard's Bride*, David Lynch considered filming the book *Gulliver's Travels*. He took inspiration from the old Hollywood classic *Smart Money*, in which a gung-ho young star becomes a gigolo for an aging actress. *Inland Empire* shows how Hollywood makes gigolos of us all. The film features a television channel which stars a family ad libbing. Everything they say is welcomed with rapturous laughter.

In exploring the savagery of a Hollywood that has reluctantly kept out Lynch goes to extremes and when they want to do is kept in the picture. His extremes are "No just no", with bodies so sexual in comparison to the sharp edge of modern day that it looks primitive. When he films women naked (which he often does) it is not a passing repartee but in hyper reality, what we used to see plain old every day. That we see in *Inland Empire* is grotesque, or should that be lascivious to look exactly and been thrown at the man for the sake of realism. The lasciviousness of his female characters is an offence in itself, a call for censure. When the group of extremes in *Inland Empire* discuss their failures, which rest on their failures, one lifts up her T shirt, "Pretty boy" they say, "as bad as us" they say.

Lynch says he is interested in "woman as trouble" and his film shows a compassion for the exploration of women as women, the extremes and what they are asked to represent. Few still shots are shown a little easier to control his sexual thoughts, are overtaken by dark energy, he abhors his dangerous. The depiction of humanity in the world of a man reprehensible, more abhorrent than *Smart Money*. *Inland Empire* is a more diabolical analysis from Lynch.



#### SERGEI EISENSTEIN: VOLUME 1 (1925-1937)

DIR: SERGEI EISENSTEIN

AVAILABLE: NOW

Without Sergei Eisenstein, modern cinema as we know it would simply not exist. Alongside Fred Lang's *Métropolis* (1927), FW Murnau's *Nosferatu* (1922) and Robert Weine's *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* (1920), Eisenstein's *Battleship Potemkin* had the foundations for the entire language of contemporary film. This three volume collection features Eisenstein's definitive masterpiece with two other entries from his early career.

*Battleship Potemkin* (1925) is based upon the painful history prior to the creation of a massive. Whilst it holds the strong narrative threads of the other films here, the level of rawness, making a clear moment where a man's face is compared to that of an owl – means that this is a direct jumping point for wary newcomers.

*October! Potemkin* (1926) is based upon the early life of a naval crew who staged a rebellion against the Tsarist regime. Making as many plotters as the famous Odessa Steps sequence, where a dying mother leads her prison carting down hill. After 82 years, a certain emotional viewing.

Finally we have *October!* (1927), commissioned to celebrate the decade anniversary of the communist revolution. It stands out in the shadow of its older red predecessor. It's not much like a classic – but the style here is generally more experimental than the previous two films, which makes for interesting comparison. Plus, you can always try it's poor forewarning to anyone you plan to impress.

It would be naive to assert that about, average heavy viewing is everyone's cup of tea, but the truth is that these films are surprisingly easy to enjoy. They do not offer a new narrative for *Battleship* and *Potemkin* for those who don't like the original novels, but it goes without saying that the main draw is giving yourself a decent point of view of history's most iconic film. Anybody with half an interest in the austere will be themselves to give it a go, the characters are still rock your world. *Never Bely*.



# ROBOT ROCK

After over a decade bombarding the charts, French electro-duo Daft Punk have decided to turn their hands to filmmaking with their new project, *Electro*.

Far from the heights of many with "What the fuck is that all about?" reactions, the film plays out an extended movie trailer, almost seen the Daft's trademark beats and blips. It's the story of two robots and their quest to become human. After driving into a town populated by robots living a cubicle existence, they stroll on in to the local bar to be faced with some angry human girls. They're soon starting down a road looking like something out of a bank clerk's worst nightmare, only to find themselves chased out of Babelsberg at their new home made in the blinding van setting out on a trek into the desert, they ultimately choose self destruction in their stormtrooper movie. Could that Thomas Saenger and Guy-Manuel de Homem-Christo look out their bungee wires to *LEADER*?

"We are not making for an audience, we are just expressing ourselves," says a resolute Homem-Christo. "It is obscure in terms of the audience's reaction and mass audience," adds Saenger. "But if you look at it from an artistic point of view, it's not at obscure at some other when we are photographers. It is on a band and believe it or not it's not with the regular standards of commercial culture. It's an art director film, it's more a psychodelic, visual experience."

"We would say we are making music for the eye that people can experience without really thinking, it's not at all intellectual. It only triggers some kind of physical and emotional reaction."

"That's all well and good, of course, but others may still be scratching their heads as to what the film is all about. "The essential theme, to be really broad, is that reflection of technology and humanity and how they intersect," says Saenger.

"The robots are a good metaphor for the integration of technology and life because they are almost a hybrid of the two — even though they are not human at all," he adds. "Robots are really ugly, ugly and running but on the other hand, they are not character, they are not a machine, they are odd and completely fake."

"What is most interesting for us is the audience. Who can they interpret as the characters? Do they even see people moved by the robots? When audiences down here the audience at home to have to interpret our interpretation once those characters?"

So, in the end, it's a very reinterpreted year own meaning behind the strange experiments in a cult-music psychodelia. "With no dialogue whatsoever, you don't really have much choice. Just express many long, drawn out cause short, various sights of symbolism and some poetry down a freaky robot. *Ed. Note:*



*Electro* is not in DDF in December 24

**RONNAUD ET JULIETTE (1986)****DIR: COLINE SERREAU****AVAILABLE: SEPTEMBER 17**

As you might guess from its title, the subject of *Ronraud et Juliette* is an unlikely romance, this time between the (dark, white) pretension of a yuppie couple, and her (piano, black) cleaning lady. Likewise there are few surprises in the plot but, if you can look past the odd cliché, the charming, fast performances (which couldn't fill the *Fourreau*illard makeup, her middle-aged father in the wrong, however, makes for a few laughs). *Ronraud et Juliette* is the type of movie that's "French" even if it doesn't sound like the recipe for a great night in, you might be in for a surprise after all. *Judy Bostee*

**TAKE CARE OF MY CAT (2001)****DIR: JAE-EUN JEDHO****AVAILABLE: SEPTEMBER 3**

Remember *It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia*? You get a moment of exquisitely observed, it has the hallmarks of real life. And sometimes you get a film composed entirely of such moments, like this quietly beautiful portrait of a group of five former school friends reuniting 20 years later. Kim Ji-woo, director, screenwriter, and bravely self-titled, *Take Care Of Ady* for her stark, unromantic work the most-awarded movies designed by one of the most characters. But whereas those are declared "in love" because the director's affection for her subject is obvious, and it's precisely the everyday nature of her concern that makes it so absorbing. *Judy Bostee*

**PLAY (2005)****DIR: ALICIA SCHERZER****AVAILABLE: NOW**

This rather old *Chloe* comedy picked up a smattering of awards on the indie festival circuit, and it's all hard to say why. Our heroine is the reclusive Chloe, a lonely auteur who spends her days caring for a mute old man and bringing bread to the local福利. The chassis discovery of a homeless man's Genome in search of its mystery owner – a plot cliché named *Chloe*. Meanwhile, Chloe's less problematic (but still) love of property and a *Lithuanian* magazine is bringing her house under the sunning law every so back playfully surreal and gently moving, and it's beautifully shot too. *Judy Bostee*

**AFTER THE WEDDING (2008)****DIR: SUSANNE BIER****AVAILABLE: NOW**

Portrayed hereafter and again throughout the impressive offering from Denmark mapping the reverberations of several life-altering losses. *After the Wedding* just missed out on the Oscar for Best Foreign Language Film, and it captures a similar depth of compassion and careful observation to the emotional roller coaster *Le Livre de l'Offre*. Mads Mikkelsen is a recently widowed widower created back in Denmark for a character that could salvage his struggling heart. Once back in Europe, however, things begin to unravel, and the combination of sentimental warmth together with the imperfections of all of it must render how displaced that it would not have been a surprise to see a *Le Clézio*-esque cutaway sequence to a close-up shot features. Although a occasionally were towards an Indiana, excellent performances throughout suggest that the pedigree of the film's documentation is relatively more *Star Crossed* than *Star Wars*.



**LES BOURGEOIS (1996)****DIR: PATRICE LECONTE****AVAILABLE: SEPTEMBER 17**

Following the high jinks of a group of club badminton over seven days and seven nights on the Ivory Coast, *Les Bourgeois* is about as much fun as being there yourself. Barely four minutes of screen time for lots of natural, group-based fun, badminton, exuberance and Laithmaris with revealing blouses. Barely four minutes of serious banality for the rest of us. A movie for a home-theater when it first appeared in '96, *Les Bourgeois* quickly became a staple of low-brow culture in France. A bit like a broken version of the easy-ben film, swapping moonshine for fire-breath and plenty of scowling. *Un*swearable. Whatever floats your boat. *Badminton*.

**JIMMY BY MY (2006)****DIR: RAY LAWRENCE****AVAILABLE: SEPTEMBER 17**

The van Australian Jimbo plays a leading role in *Photolife*, and a leading bad guy for the citizens of a small town commanded that are as deeply entrenched in the country-side as *Laurel and Hardy*. Byrne gives expert performances as the couple at the center of events when a tomorow-tastic fishing trip is opposed by Jimbo's discovery of a murdered Aboriginal woman. Cut with switching of various wits localies are horrified and unprepared to equal measure by the man's decision to continue fishing for three days. Ultimately, the murder becomes a metaphor for an intriguing exploration of the popular and graft that emerge when our earliest disagreements float to the surface. *Jimbo*.

**THE FAMILY FRIEND (2006)****DIR: PAOLO SORRENTINO****AVAILABLE: NOW**

"Never trust a man wearing a patterned bandana" is the moral of this little offering from novelist/director Paolo Sorrentino. Stylish and unconvincing, *The Family Friend* charts the darkly comic travails of aging law shark Cesare Di Cesare (Giacomo Rizzo), as he conspires with a less dexter loving colleague to build a vast stash of cash. Things begin to unravel for the mercuriously conniving Cesare though, as he falls for the stunning daughter of one of his "clients" (Loretta Chiaudi), who proves more than a match for his perverted advances. Charming, rarely, this caper will keep you hooked right up until its bitter-sweet finale. *Un*swearable.

**OFF THE BLACK (2006)****DIR: JAMES PONSOLOTT****AVAILABLE: NOW**

Nick Nolte plays an aholesome baseball umpire in this debut from the unapologetically young Ponsoott (16 is the time of shooting). The film charts Nolte's burgeoning relationship with a young pitcher (Cristie Morgan), who reminds him of the son he used to have, and their surreal efforts to avert some hellish emotional baggage. The movie is their best with a shaggy, homegrown script, and the dissociative love-of-death that develops between the two leads is surreal enough to be specifically drowning. Unfortunately, both Nolte and the players are frequently slip into an almost comical stupor that, like Morgan's burnin', is only reminiscent of *Desperado*'s flick in an *un*sexy Ed O'Neal.



# THE HORROR! THE HORROR!

Propects for planet earth have moved into apocalyptic territory in this post-December 2012 era. While Postapocalyptic documentaries might begin to show us where we're heading, the horror genre is now sweeping in to bludgeon our eyes with even scarier prospectus.

Global warming thaws out malevolent ghostly unknowns in *Larry Fessenden's Blackhat*, *an* older *The Last House* (1984). Luckily, it also turns up Ross Poldark's son, showing signs of life in the uncomprehending ad man, giving the claustrophobic ensemble piece some real life. Reminiscent of Edward Hopper's *The Thing*, a constrictive group of humans in an isolated northern outpost with the "Salem" leaf as an unknown terror taking a black tree. Meanwhile, in some small town, more round-necked reefs belch bovine from the cover-up of easily learned by some. Mysterious mutations in *Zeta* (2007). The collective name for a group of *oceanic* is "the unknown", and a sense the filmmakers have done their zoological homework is clear from the cuts the understandings of the years. After conversing and one dinner through their circumstantial cravings, they swarm, maim and kill the roundels. Fortunately in a certain Hitchcock classic is underlined with the closing of that Taylor, who also stars in *The Bird*.

More feline than the preoccupation of the canary in *The Studio Dancer* (1984). Presumably well aware of their budgetary constraints, it's shot on 35, with a frenetic documentary approach encompassing the threat of a massive outbreak in London. Following the anguillaceous *28 Days Later* absolutely seizes the chances of making any haywire in the second year, while *Dead and Bloody* (2008) has only slightly lessens on its kick at the assisted one to the "bassoon". *Dead Can* from television's *Reaper* goes for his own niche represent — as the lone who plays gags who can't get wounded by bullets. Every "similar film needs an twist", and here it's that Lt. Bobby Quinn (Cast) is, gasp, only partially dead. It's also in the classic buddy movie mould, as he "hannanously" fights for a cure with his writhing selfish, Guy Terry. Desperation for a cure also features in *The Thing* (2011), with cancer and abductions giving the quick fix to more suffering protagonists who face one blood-curdling rampage leaving the normalization that, while the other remains more traditional as normal disease and just have have an easy solution, and much like the *Alien* itself, become insufferable abominations around their (bloody) necks.

Lost, a mainly larvae infestation from the cooling, multi-talented *Abominable Snow* (2007) skewers the camp cargo art team crawl through a tiny blood-smeared parody for the Napoleon Dynamite crowd. Asked for picks by his kind-of-thinking incarnation, the masterful (Chris Sarandon) responds that, while most horror film writers these days, he "doesn't deserve to be paid what" (21) *and* *now* *above*.



### SLEEPING DOGS LIE (2006)

DIR: BOB CAT GOLDTHWAIT

AVAILABLE: NOW

It was probably not a good idea for Amy (Mia) and her Page (Hannibal), while a band student in college, to give her pet dog an experimental shave, but her real problems begin years later when she collides in Las Vegas (John C. Reilly) and is sold women in a new low price on transvestite grain-out tours with a restrained and surprisingly romantic study of relationships, beauty, and the value of keeping your mouth shut. The low budget of *Sleeping Dogs Lie* shows, but there is wit enough to get most viewers flushing their noses. Hannibal and the Béla's (Kewell) are interviewable in the *entertaining* sense.



### TYPHON (2005)

DIRECTOR: KWAK KYUNG-TAEK

AVAILABLE: NOW

When perpetually sleepless Korean dissident Lee (Yoo-jean Park) decides on a small robbery bandit for South Korea, top intelligence agent Gang (Se-jong) is dispatched to recover them. Despite the pair striking up sympathetic rapport, it is up to Gang to stop Lee's deviously plan to take the Korean peninsula whilst giving free passage to Korean diplomatic relations with the US. Boiling a history and a James Bond via a plenitude of locations, some Infernoes, many red and slightly overcooked John Wayne-esque maniacs, *Typhoon* is to be taken with a pinch of salt but possibly forgiven for spilling so interestingly enough guts.



### THE LIVES OF OTHERS (2006)

DIR: FLORIAN HENCKEL VON DONNERSMARCK

AVAILABLE: SEPTEMBER 17

Set somewhat appropriately in 1984, the 2007 Oscar winner is a darkly wry exploration of East German totalitarianism. The film focuses on the smarmy, domineering Stasi agent Breymer (Ulrich Matthes) and his partner Christa Mauer (Marina Foytik), both of whom are unrepentant darlings of the socialist state. Breymer turns decidedly black when (like his) Stasi chief Mohr's (Ulrich Matthes) government agent is assigned to spy on the couple. At a time when most western cinema is too happy to little for highbrow emotion and excellent storytelling, *The Lives of Others* is a dangerous, if not explicitly sharp, art of tonal reservation. *Entertaining*



### IMAGE/ETH (2006)

DIR: GEOFFREY WRIGHT

AVAILABLE: SEPTEMBER 18

Geoffrey Wright's present-day riff on Shakespeare's classic refracts the action in Melville's criminal underworld, and tries ever so hard to be edge and provocative at every turn. And as the protagonist's first encounter with the "sword swallower" is re-imagined as a drug-induced hallucination as a *deceived* nightmare, Lady Macbeth-like "true thumped spot" speech bubbles, and the film builds to an apic *One Flew-Style* obnoxious little *Freudian* m, in doing this Wright has somehow managed to maximize all the pretensions of mankind's artistic schadenfreude: such a really

# THE ADVENTURES OF FORD FAIRLANE

DIRECTOR:

BENNY HARLIN

STARRING:

ANDREW DICE CLAY  
PRISCILLA PRESLEY  
JOHNNY WEST

TAGLINE:

'WEET FORD  
FAIRLANE, TO HIS  
CLIENTS, HE'S THE  
WORLD'S GREATEST  
ROCK 'N' ROLL  
DETECTIVE. TO  
EVERYONE ELSE,  
HE'S JUST A DICK.'

TRAILERS:

'MILLER'S CROSSING'  
'BUDDY'S SONG'  
'PACIFIC HEIGHTS'  
'DESERTEURS'  
'PREDATOR 2'  
'HOME ALONE'

CHERRYPICK:

'YOU SICK,  
CONFUSING  
MOTHERFUCKERS!'

"There was an old lady,  
Who lived in a shoe,  
She had so many kids...  
Her shoes fell out. OH!!!"

What ever happens you just have to be  
"We can only believe such Andrew Dice Clay  
— either as the misanthropic and haranguing room  
decorator whose 'Decman' alter-ego  
ensures the monster truck rally of his  
finest work is over, or simply as a diffident  
beam-hanger of the New York — who  
remains unaffected in that his success  
keeps a laffing popularity parity score and  
for all that decrepitude simply doesn't work.

Whipping the flimsiest clothes  
off libidinous postie boy Bill Black is a crowd  
sucker, more than a groupie pallid wannabe,  
and unattractive. Given Long for the whiskey  
qualification we know he won, Clay's stage act  
is off the charts, his onscreen act mostly what  
they wanted from their extraneous to be  
intended, intended and, above all, offbeat.

But though he endures at a comic  
resistance and for such new generation, his  
blue-collar flag 'n' hog-baiting mimesis that, by  
1990, he has made Madonna's Square Garden  
the most grandiose endeavor and was racking  
up more PC-gate and costume ticks than  
Din King's stage schools?

With a budget as gaudy as  
opprobrious to that of *Grease*, the gloriousness  
of *The Adventures of Ford Fairlane* comes  
from spooking us the memory that led to Clay's first starring vehicle, and not the  
sophomore, more or less, who advent  
that was subsequently syndicated across our  
television. Marriage, one notes, that were  
held in a New Jersey basement blossomed and



concocted of less than many, man and woman,  
but rather an opulent tableau, length and  
location of casting couch.

The film itself has Dice as Ed, a wise  
and sturdy detective Ford Fairlane who  
wanders up and down the Miami strip  
while making oddball grips about, "Raging  
romantically's" mother! He's also decked out  
in hand-tooled cowboy hats, shiny saddle  
taps and a variety of fedora and leather jackets  
that make him look less like the hero there,  
dude — that inexplicably keeps his imagined  
hustle in line than the tilted "Walks Redden  
Cross" character that was left on the  
carrying room floor of the Village People's  
"Can't Stop The Music."

The picture quickly spins around  
some missing CDs and pounds on the 4/9  
bill of dissipations as the ERH Comedies of  
Wayne Newton and Priscilla Presley collect  
pop-culture they don't need from a film  
sector will assist. Clay begins through  
a series of obscenely pretentious ERH staples  
Checklist nightclubs, garden party and the  
ever-dependable pool spouting to call  
version of his shaggy solicitor then — they hope  
— will take it home.

Like a bawdy-to-hell screw-fest, the  
Decman half goes straight for the closing  
climax. His mistress, sex-clown Adam  
Bandler and doublet Will Ferrell, would  
most logically have their time and hold out  
for long money.

Smaller, the calculating bawd, had  
the advantage of having graduated from  
Yale. Exactly what Ed does, the Decman  
were as blind to judge — but whenever it  
was, they taught some back-up statutory  
players. OH!!!"

ON THE UP  
DIRECTOR: GORDON QUINN, 2002

# CHINA MOO YOUNG

# ASITHA AMERESEEKERE



Asitha Ameresekere's short, *De Na Drom*, recently won a BAFTA for Best Short Film. Born in London, a drama graduate with an MFA in Directing for Theatre, Video & Cinema from the California Institute of the Arts, he is also about to have a collection of short stories published in Sri Lanka. *De Na Drom* studies the impact of the long-term on an ordinary family in the south of England, through the voice-over of one home by a railroad.

"When the evolution starts from some area, first, and there will lots of information on the newspaper and TV about children on the franchise, they can't think about the families of those children built in home. There was a collection in Africa about moving people and I tried to find some correlation between those

two. I thought a video diary and then the visual letter that family wrote to check children would be more appropriate."

"I did think about the film as and off for a hour two years, but once I got into it, it only took me two days to write, three days to shoot and two days to edit. I originally wanted it to be quite a short piece, 15 minutes, but I was told that I had absolutely no control over the film because the actors would play it in their own time — I didn't like an editing. But it's enough to have a better outcome."

At Blackpool where a wet audience snored, Dinesh plays on demand a short film on the subject of death in the family, and a feature set on the border of dementia, all in Spanish. I like a challenge!" *Asitha Amere-*



China Moo Young's progression through the ranks is a model for aspiring director. Having studied Drama, Film, Theatre & Television at university, she became a reader, then director's assistant, then a research researcher, working for the group with a say of advertising, a leading character, and writing and direction. Before *Uptown* or *Houseboat* came, she left £5k for a single, and devised a single, and then a double performance on a disused railway track in the East End of London. In 2001 China directed *Sleep Easy* (in *The Getaway*, *Mad Monday*), and in 2002, her first feature *De Na Drom* (she has already finished *Personal*, backed by the UK's John Coward) is well-prepared at Edinburgh Film Festival as part of *The Fare Part*. The first television China's new project is shooting a drama for CB's *Coming Up* show.

No longer will you be forced to go  
upstair through the stairs, 'cause  
we've got two other speakin'  
shorts to give away, courtesy of  
British horror icon

They're part of a limited  
edition 10-piece collection designed  
by Shirley Longley and sold  
by Jay Dawson and New Order  
legend Peter Hook to raise money for  
the 25th anniversary of Manchester  
super club The Haçienda.

One's short & black, the other  
is grey, and both bear the original  
'91 '2507' in white, bright fluorescent  
silver (you'll be advised to wear  
one!) and have a little legend saying  
'THIS IS HAÇENDA' on the back.  
You can almost see a song right?

To be in with a chance of  
winning, send your answer to  
the following address no  
earlier than October 10th:

Q. Who designed the original  
Haçienda logo?



WIN TRAVEL AND A KID'S MODEL, GET INVOLVED  
**COMPETITION**

**WIN**

**FREAKIN'**

**WIN**

**MOVIE  
D.I.Y.**

International fashion brand Carolyn Burns  
launched the NFT3 Innovation Awards in  
2006 in order to discover and nurture new  
film directing talent in the UK. They will  
be running the film & film for 2007  
and working in conjunction with the National  
Film and Television School to create a  
competition with a truly vocational prize.  
The competition is to send in an innovative  
short film, which will be considered by an  
expert panel to include Carolyn Burns, the  
designer's daughter, who began her career as  
film before launching the NFT3 fragrance line,  
and Nick Powell, internationally renowned film

producer and head of the NFT3. The winner  
will have the opportunity to attend a course at  
the National Film and Television School plus  
a valuable career advice panel to shadowing a  
major director in the UK, as well as a project

Suggested length for entries is around five  
minutes (although shorter and longer work  
will also be considered) and films should be  
submitted on DVD or VHS format, no later  
than October 15. Full details of the brief,  
competition and entry form are available  
on the dedicated website –  
[www.nationalfilmtrust.org/2007awards](http://www.nationalfilmtrust.org/2007awards)



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CHAPTER SIX  
DON'T BELIEVE  
THE HYPE  
INCOMING MOVIES  
LAID BARE.

## Thundercats. BY MICHAEL

There are a surprising amount of gay parts in the universe surrounding the Thundercats. How do we know? Simple, by looking "gay Thundercats parts" into Google. Now that *Transformers* has taken a stark load off comic book shelves and 3D movies are back again in movie theaters and toy sales, the beatmages are rolling and someone has optioned a new script for a *com* animated feature of the beloved '80s cartoon. As one of the better *Thundercats* running characters, *Thundercats* runs high, but few details are known other than the guy behind the script — Paul Dini — has done the majority of work all in the past and the project is officially "in development" for the gay porn angle, which that space. **EEB: 2010**

## The Diving Bell and the Butterfly. BY JULIAN BISHOP

Joey Travolta's *Body* used to edit *Ellie*, then he died a stroke, which left him quadriplegic but his body dead. Despite being completely paralyzed, Travolta wrote a book, spelling out words by blinking his left eye — the only part of his body he could still move. The diving bell and the butterfly as his story. And boy did he succeed! *Joey Travolta* comes well up for the challenge, not only did he fight a terrible disease to *Ameliorate* *Body*'s story, he went on to lose friends, *losing* *Friends* with the results — he's a dedicated now, unlike *Anthony Zappi*, who dropped the vote to fuck about with *paroxysm*. **EEB: Early 2010**

## The Passenger. BY MICHAEL

Elizabith Moon on *Leggy* *Leggy*? No, we don't see an **Elizabith**. She's had enough to envelope the former *lockbox* living old enough to say a glass of wine here without passing out, so heaven knows how *Mark* *George* will turn her into a *lockbound* *hollower* with a 12-inch cock. *Maybe* she'll do a *cut job*. *Anyhow*, there's a certain novelty in *making* a *lock* *hugger* while the subject is still *alive*, and for the *Cave* *Leggy* *Leggy* *Leggy* has given the *passenger* his *laminating*, *decorating* *Wood* as *"Pluckenoff"* and *"Every* *grained"*. *Which* sounds a *lock* *like* something a *judge* *in* *Griffith* *wrote* *way*. **EEB: Summer 2010**

## Where The Wild Things Are. BY SPENCER JONES

Spencer Jones will now be spending much *easy* on *Easy* *Easy* *feature* *gay* *name* *2009*'s *Adaptation*. We do know the *deviations* *stuff*: the film is an *adaptation* of Maurice Sendak's *Rube*'s book about a boy called *Max* whose *overactive* *imagination* *leads* *him* to a *kingdom* of *strange* and *sonic* *monsters*. *Tim Burton* *guides* *the* *film* *up* *behind* the *scriptwriting*, and *Forest Whitaker* *as* *King* *Max* *decorates* *himself*. *Ell* *we*'ve *really* *got* *to* *show* *on*, *however*, is an *uniquely* *particular* *thing* *EEB* *get* *their* *hands* *on*, *showing* *the* *writing* *a* *paper* *cross* *in* *a* *forest* *with* *the* *big*, *cheeky* *beasties* *in* *the* *foreground* *of* *the* *frame*. *One* *of* *them* *looks* *like* *a* *dark* *silhouette* *of* *Alejandro González Iñárritu* *from* *Birdman* *street* — *literally*, *a* *hollering* *of* *good* *things*. **EEB: Late 2010**



## Mongol. Dir: Sergei Bodrov

Possibly the best part of a trilogy, this book of the story of Genghis Khan as depicted a good four-hundred years afterwards and the Khan himself never having survived yet. Possibly as a CONCERT SOURCE, Genghis Khan is now out of the lead role and has been replaced by an unknown but, crucially, ALIVE ACTOR. (Someday, when playing Genghis under his given name, MONGOLIAN KHAN could be a release to visual note of the vacuous historical space in some sort of China and Korea in ancient years, but may suffer from increasingly negative press.) **ETB December 2001**

## Funny Games. Dir: Michael Haneke

Michael Haneke has long been a visual master of Hollywood, as when he remade a 19th-century remake of *Funny Games*, his violently sexual video nasty from 1997, a remake he evidently never wanted. Elena Katsch and Tim Roth play the *men* and *the woman* held captive by a pair of existential psychos. The original was a gross but excruciatingly painful ride in the hostage genre, and given Haneke's position it's hard to imagine that it'll pull any punches second time round. "Horror pic" is all the rage with kids these days, but with this time they'll get more than they bargained for. To watch. **ETB Early 2002**

## Watchmen. Dir: Zack Snyder

Be the man or not and there's our one true supervillain. In the frame: Matthew Modine as golden boy Imperialist, Charlie Chaplin as Billy Batson, while Michael Richards is as irredeemable though lovable the Mr. Potato Head to savings box "FIREHOUSE" (sic). A possibly more heroic, although still a supervillain, though both are supervillains. Some beatdowns will be enough to ensure the *Final Cut* for the next few months, but the real question concerns whether Zack Snyder can handle the complexity and depth of the *Watchmen* story. Then again, can anyone *watch* an 18-part story that evaded one aspect of popular culture. But will it come a cropper on another front? Snyder has taken us on a dangerous kick. Stand carefully back, we're watching. **ETB Summer 2002**

## Untitled JJ Abrams Film (Codename: *Cloverfield*). Dir: Matt Reeves

Super-producer JJ Abrams certainly knows how to keep his projects. A mysterious known knowns set the ball rolling for *Millennium*, in the form of handbills or footage from a tony New York loft party. It's hard to tell exactly what's going on, but the buzz will believe we're in for some kind of giant-monster-attack-a-city shenanigan... possibly timed perfectly in the wee hours of the night. Other clues lie in an assault of marketing vehicles from a non-existent soft drink (check out *Strawberry Pops*), and more recently a poster showing the Statue of Liberty with an eye ripped off. What does it all mean? We don't really know, but it's bound to be fun finding out, even if the *Comic Con* buzz is true and the little really does turn out to be something as crappy as *Monsters*. **ETB January 2002**

## The King of Kong. Dir: Seth Gordon

From yourself for a lifetime struggle, Tally Mitchell versus Steve Wiebe. What do you mean you don't have a job they say? Grindell, Steve Wiebe is an everyday hero, but Tally Mitchell... well, he's *The Video Game Player of the Century*, goddamnit. He, obviously, is the guy who recorded the *last* perfect score on *pac-man* you hear that? He has the machine, like, now. And when Wiebe tries to prove his self-worth by taking on Mitchell's 20-year-plus record score on *Double Kong*, the game seems one-fighting, as do the characters go, when should be very stuff. Mitchell is like a living version of Ben Stiller's character in *Bedeviled*. He notes when I say, as does controversy, "He's like... 'It's sort of like the debate issue?'" You, Tally, is in! **ETB June 2001**

## Avatar. Dir: James Cameron

Zoe Saldana has already started filming on her latest *Avatar* romp, but we won't be seeing it for quite a while yet. Why? Because he's spending 12 months — on a massive chunk of his \$100 million budget — on post-production. That's why, given the world's track record, it'll be a huge disappointment if the effects on this project are anything less than groundbreaking, particularly given that the whole shindig will be in 3D. The two leads have gone to relatively unknown actors: Sam Worthington will play our hero Jake Sully — an entirely computer-generated character. Let's hope she's better looking than Gollum. **ETB Summer 2001**

## The Darjeeling Limited. Dir: Wes Anderson

A regular has been released for the new Wes Anderson adventure and it already looks like more of the same from the oddball master. India in the backdrop for the Anderson return's whimsical comedy, with a cast that brings together the old (Isabella Rossellini), the popular (Ewan McGregor) and the new (India Eisley) as three brothers reuniting after their father's death. Anderson and his regulars have cracked the script, which means it'll be a surreal, quirkish quarkathon over overplotting gigs. More excitement will come from seeing how Robert Forster's lush cinematography translates to the Indian landscape. **ETB December 2001**



## Tintin. By Steve Spilberg/Peter Jackson

Great days are obviously ahead as an amalgamation of the best achievements of Steven Spielberg and Peter Jackson's *Kingdom of Heaven* commences. Far more serious than the Hollywood guard will fall to capture the spirit of George's much-loved books should rest assured that the director will use 3-D cameras in the style of the Belgian artist, and that George himself declared before his death in 1983 that no one but Spielberg should be allowed to direct a *Tintin* film. Production will begin next year after Spielberg and Jackson harmoniously break shooting *Troy* and *The Revenant*. Also, we know that Spielberg was working on both films for that very same year, but we didn't tell anyone. Sorry. ETR 2014

## The Dark Knight. By Christopher Nolan

There's still almost a year until Batman returns and everyone seems keen to see what Heath Ledger's Joker looks like. Due to the popularity of *Dark Knight*, there are dozens of fake images online — this is *Dark Knight* now, these are a continuing part of a man in a creepy balaclava, come on, *honest!* Thanks to a little trailer, we also know that Ledger will sound like a laughing, bantering nut job, so that's not a big surprise — or would be a major departure from what we're used to seeing like all of *Gotham* — but it's still good to know that things are shaping up well. Though perhaps a new *Batmobile* conception is worryingly reminiscent of those dark days. Native deity ETR July 2014

## Mr. Magorium's Wonder Emporium. By Rob Reiner

It's a simple typewriter, human teethless in fallen-in bone, wilder music, and more bright colors than a basketful of *Monstrosity* eggs, says he's getting nowhere readings on the bald bald-o-meter. Magorium certainly looks polished, but as one kid's trip has, I feel that the wonder is an evanescent something. Still, we're not polished enough to give up on him yet. The shop itself seems like a fun place to waste for two hours, and Mattel's Purim's character is called Hilly Menny, so maybe there'll be a load of references to the Purim *Academy* success or not, or the one most definitely will be. ETR December 2013

## Untitled *X-Files* Sequel. By Chris Carter

At last! Another film based on *SDC TV* is in the pipeline, and not a moment too soon — just seven years after the series was cancelled. David Duchovny and Gillian Anderson were reportedly tapped up. *BREAKING* *NEWS*: Chris Carter is ready to take helming duties, and a script has been written. Early word says the story is a standalone adventure feature unconnected to the telepathic alien conspiracy that weighed the series down like a big pile of cat feces — the only conspiracy that remains now is surely why anyone would want to make or watch a second *X-Files* film more than a decade after the last one. ETR 2014



## UNBECOMING.

One member of *OBVIOUS LYPS* has the smooches as an unlosed man offends. That month, Matt Bomer picks a fight with the world's sexiest ship-wrecking archeologist.

## Indiana Jones IV. By Steven Spielberg

Indiana Jones has never died on screen, but that hasn't stopped his killing his reputation over the last 15 years. In fact, it doesn't matter that Sean Connery won't be returning for *Indiana Jones 2*, because that's exactly who Ford was: remarkable, a faded, easily embarrassing bon-vivant living off former glories who, for his own good on each of our sets, should be taken behind the nearest studio and shot. He's a puke — a sad old man in a mid-life crisis desperately trying to deny the fact of his own irrelevance by showing up with a bunch of new and interesting stuff.

Let's be honest: anybody looking forward to *Indiana Jones 2* is an idiot. The franchise was already trending on park theme, and the archeologist downers as on the hands of the man who brought us an operatic space opera about trade disputes and pure-blooded super-soldiers. Maybe that time could the movie will finally get to be the good guys...

So consider this a beautiful place don't go and see *Indiana Jones 2*. Mark your calendar at the end of next year, when it's time for us to take him to see *Indiana Jones 3*. And next year, the good old days aren't always good, but in a world where Harrison Ford has another segment on his hands, tomorrow truly will be as bad as it's ever been. ETR May 2014

## UNCOMINGS.

Booking a place to the stars that get away

## To The White Sea. By Steven Spielberg

If the *Empires* are true (and even if they're not), until we all believe as anyone, the houses of dead and fallen men are filled with half-frieded onions and abandoned pretzels. In more point towards the turn of the millennium, *To The White Sea* honest are of those lost souls.

Reckoning at what was originally the peak of the *midnight* blindingly dramatic career, *White Sea* would have been the pair teaming up with Brad Pitt for a measured song based on the novel by James Raskin, author of *Salavatov*. *Salavatov's* book tells the story of a World War II pilot who shot down over Japan, who must somehow fight his way through the heart of crazy bureaucracy.

The *toys* like are often praised for their come-uppance dialogue, but after the first 15 minutes or so, *To The White Sea* would have been something approaching a silent movie. The protagonist, *Midnight*, cannot speak to the *losses*, nor does he want to, he only wants to kill and move on, to survive. His story ends in essentially a a visual level, an oral level, and white.

*To The White Sea* could have been the *Ghosts* *Radio* — a bizarre departure from the chaotic style of their other work. Also, at 100 feet tall, is the project as dead, and smaller the *Crabs* are *FULL* been shown as interest in future millenniums. *Crabs* of reservation. This is some...



# ISSUE 14, ON SALE OCTOBER 26

In the meantime, check out [www.littlewhitelies.co.uk](http://www.littlewhitelies.co.uk) for a host of exclusive reviews, features and interviews not available in the print edition, as well as a regular newsfeed, information on festivals and events coverage.



"TERRIFYINGLY  
AWESOME...  
BLOODY  
BRILLIANT!"

BILLY CHANDLER, BEZERK

"VISUALLY  
STUNNING  
AND BRILLIANTLY  
INVENTIVE"

ARENA

THIS  
YEAR  
NIGHT  
TURNS  
TO  
DAY.

# DAY WATCH

FROM THE VISIONARY FORCE BEHIND NIGHT WATCH

REINHOLD MUELLER, DIRECTOR OF 'NIGHT WATCH', PRESENTS THE DAY SIDE OF THE WAR BETWEEN HUMANS AND VAMPIRES. IN THE CITY OF DAY WATCH, VAMPIRES ARE THE HUNGRY, HUNTED, AND HATED. IN THE CITY OF NIGHT WATCH, HUMANS ARE THE HUNGRY, HUNTED, AND HATED. IN THE CITY OF DAY WATCH, VAMPIRES ARE THE HUNGRY, HUNTED, AND HATED. IN THE CITY OF NIGHT WATCH, HUMANS ARE THE HUNGRY, HUNTED, AND HATED.

IN CINEMAS OCTOBER 5